

School of Theology at Claremont



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SELECTED TALKS

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JOHN CARLISLE KILGORE

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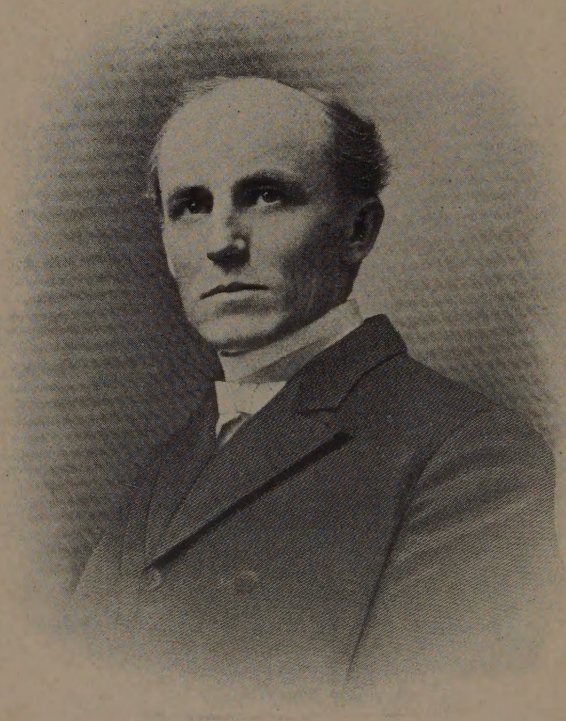
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Chapel Talks

1922

by

John Carlisle Kilgo

Late President of Trinity College
and Bishop of the Methodist
Episcopal Church, South

EDITED BY

D. W. NEWSOM

Treasurer of Trinity College



NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.

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Dedicated

**to all the sons and daughters
of Trinity
who loved "Doctor Jack"**

PREFACE.

THE chapel talks included in this volume were delivered by Dr. John Carlisle Kilgo during his incumbency as President of Trinity College. They were stenographically reported by the Editor and revised by the Author.

Dr. Kilgo adopted the custom of talking to his students once or twice a week during the morning chapel hour, and the most representative of these talks have been selected for this volume.

It is doubtful if any man in the country ever exerted a more wholesome or uplifting influence over a body of college students than did Dr. Kilgo during these morning hour chapel talks with his boys. They were usually the topic of conversation during the remainder of the day, and the currents of hundreds of young lives took their setting from these fatherly talks. A host of men now in all walks of life look back to their college days and recall with delight the thrilling messages and the high call to life and duty which came to them in these morning hours.

It is a pleasure for the Editor to be able to

put in permanent form many of these talks. They are worthy of a wide appeal, though in collecting them the Editor had in mind chiefly the old students who went to chapel in those days most largely to hear "Doctor Jack."

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of the publications in which a number of these Chapel Talks have previously appeared.

THE EDITOR.

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CHAPEL TALKS.

THE GIFT OF THE COLLEGE TO THE STUDENT.

THE chief national event of the month is the reopening in all parts of our country of hundreds of colleges and universities. In them are being gathered thousands of the best of American youths. And it is a credit to our American democracy that this army of young people comes from every class of our citizens. They do not represent a single class, a single vocation, a single financial condition. The desire for knowledge and the ambition for the best things are growing in every section, in every calling, and in every condition of our people. In these things we have our best riches and our surest hopes.

The college introduces a youth into a wider and deeper community life. Hitherto he has moved within a limited circle of friends. He has been in touch with a limited number of ideas. His life has been composed of the thoughts of parents and kinsmen and neighbors. When he passes into the college community he takes mem-

bership in a community composed of faiths, of ideals, of hopes, and of customs that come out of many communities throughout all parts of the country.

The college gives to the youth the ministry of strong and wise men. These men have given time and labor and sacrifice to the getting of knowledge from all regions. They have been inspired by the hope of ministering to youth in all the power and glory of learning. Out of their toils and sacrifices they have come forth to this work of service. You sit not at their feet; they serve at your tables. What they have they have for you, and the greatest satisfaction they find in life is giving to you the things which have cost them much, but which they covet for you.

The college makes you contemporary with the best that is in your own age and in all the past ages. Many men live in a time with which they are not contemporary; they live in communities, being contemporary only with the weaker and the smaller things and persons of the community. It is a triumph to put one in sympathy with the best of one's age, to make one a real contemporary with the great that is in his time. But it is the office of the college to make one contemporary with the greatest in all ages. It is the busi-

ness of the teacher of history to bring out of the centuries that are gone all the heroic workers and stand them up in the community of his students. It is the business of a teacher of literature to make his student a member of every royal society and a companion of every interpreter of the principles of civilization. It is the sacred office of the scientist to put youth in touch with all the sources of power in all the realms of activity. On and on the college takes the faithful youth till at length he is at home everywhere and a member of the best communities of earth. But through Him who is the contemporary of all the ages past and all the ages to come, true men may also become contemporaries of the eternities.

The college gives a youth the fine chance to prove his powers. The testing time must come. When the great bridge below the Niagara had been finished, the time of its test came. Was it a success, or no more than an ornament? In everything this moment of test surely comes. Nursed in the warm sympathies, protected by the patient affections of home, one's life takes its start. But there comes an hour when it must be put to the test and strains of larger experiences. Hot iron is not strong iron. Then it bends, then it is shaped into easy forms. It is

made hard and strong by being plunged into cold water. Then it becomes tempered and strong. So the cruel process of tempering character must go on. To-day we take the metal warm out of the forges of family loves and plunge it into the cold streams of a strange community. It will become hard. The process may seem cruel, but it is the way that has been fixed for life. We advance in life by cruel methods. We are driven from one thing to another; we get on by giving up one thing for a new thing. We give up home and parents for college and strangers. This is the route to your larger and mightier self. Your destiny is now largely with yourself. With good wishes and a word of encouragement I welcome you to the opportunities of the year.

THE DOLLAR.

Do you know how to handle a dollar, young man? Have you learned how sacred a dollar is? Perhaps you think of it as a round piece of silver or gold or a piece of paper with strange marks which the government has put upon it. It is so peculiar in its form that any person can recognize it. Certainly everybody knows a dollar. It has power in the world of trade, it is in fact the one master in the market. All these things are true; but if they constitute all you have learned about a dollar, then you have much yet to learn. Your teacher in economy will widen your views on the meaning of a dollar and show what qualities it must have and what wide duties it must perform, but with all he will have to say there are other things for you to learn about it. Your father sent you ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars, and you felt easy if not indeed arrogant. Where did your father get that money? He did not gather it from a bush or pick it up in the road. Where did he get it? If you are the son of a farmer, or a merchant, or a lawyer, or a doctor, or a preacher, you well know how he came to have it. Behind it are days of toil, fatigue,

anxiety, and much sacrifice. The blood of your father and of your mother is in a very true sense on that dollar they sent you. If your father is a farmer, call up the scene of his daily toil on the plantation. You know the rounds of his labors: the early rising, the breakfast before the stars have gone out, the long day in the sun, the dust of the field at noon, and the tired body when night comes on. And in all of this your mother has had oftentimes far more than her share. They dug the money they sent out of their bodies. They bathed it in their perspiration. They baptized it with their self-denial. Not until you learn these things will you know the real sanctity of the money you get from home. I sometimes hear among college students the expression, "It is like getting money from home." That means money which cost them not one day of toil, not one moment of care, not one act of denial. Are these things to be spoken of lightly? Should not money from home be the finest money, the dearest money, and the hardest money to spend? When you go from this room, take the dollar out of your pocket and look at the tired face of your father and the weary form of your mother on it, and I am sure you will set on it a new value and guard it with a new care.

TELLING THE TRUTH.

TELL the truth, young man, tell it if it kills you. The temptation to dodge the truth, to trifle with it, to flirt with it, and to utterly violate it will come to all of you even here in college. To be false seems the quickest way out of trouble, and some readily take what seems to be the shortest road. When you go to the foundation of falsehood in any phase or form, you will find it to be the miserable child of a disgraceful cowardice. A brave man will not lie; a coward dreads to tell the truth. It takes a mastering courage to stand face to face with truth, and go where it leads. There are men who can face a cannon and rush forward in the battle line, but who tremble before the behests of truth. They simply cannot face the issue, as they say in the streets. To be the beneficiary of a falsehood is torture. To go about the world with a conscience loaded down with a lie, with a soul blackened with falsehood, this is perdition already set in. I have known a student to break a window, mar a wall, or do some other unbecoming thing; and not satisfied with this material destruction, he turned around and smashed his conscience with

a denial of it. He saved a few dimes, but he kindled hell in his bosom. It will torture him to the end. Day and night it will go with him. He will never think of his college days without the memory of this black deed casting a shadow over the whole scene. How vastly better it would have been to have immediately owned the act, settled the cost, and gone forth with a whole conscience. Tell the truth, tell it all the time, get in the habit of telling it and in telling all of it. God will have no dealings with a lying soul. There is vastly more hope for a drunkard, a thief, a gambler, or a swearer than there is for the liar.

THE POOR MAN.

IT is no disgrace to be poor, though at times it may be a very great inconvenience. It is the lot of the vast majority of men. In fact, it is a very popular condition. One has much company in poverty. I know all wish to escape it, but the multitudes of men remain in it. Mr. Lincoln once said: "God loves common people, and that is why he makes so many of them." On the same basis of judgment I might say that God at least does not regard poverty a sore calamity or else he would not allow so much of it in the earth. I am disposed to congratulate you on being poor. My observation has been that wealth hurts more men and hurts them more severely than poverty hurts them. The strains and the restraints of poverty stir up the energies of men. Under these limitations men feel that they must do something. They go to thinking and acting, and out of these have come the world's progress in material things and in intellectual things. All our discoveries and inventions are the victories of poor men, as are all of our literatures and arts. There may be a few exceptions to this statement, but they are so few

that they may be left out of the count. Poets have been poor, painters have been poor, sculptors have been poor, inventors have been poor, and so the story goes through all the fields of human labors. The poor man holds the big place in history. The world owes him a mighty debt. Many of you come to college because you are too poor not to get an education. Ignorance is a luxury which you cannot afford. Only the rich can afford it. Your poverty tells you that you need education. If you have the right view of the matter, poverty will make you count every hour you are in college, it will make you value every opportunity, it will make you economize with every dollar that comes into your hands, and it will save you from many of the worthless follies of life. To be nobly poor is a good thing, even a great thing. Do not allow a lack of money to depress you in spirit. That is not poverty; it is cowardice. Stand up in the consciousness of being a real, true, and brave man though you have not a penny in your pocket. You need not go broke in your soul because you are empty in your purse.

ON BEING ALONE

I HAVE frequently tried to impress on your minds the value of being alone and holding a close and honest communion with yourselves. You will never hear the greatest voices or see the highest things out in the crowd. These things come to men when they are in solemn solitude. Jesus withdrew from the multitudes when he wished to have the deepest communion with his Father. It was in the mountains alone he went to pray, and always returned from such seasons with a new and deeper revelation of himself and the mind of his Father. Moses was not in the streets when he received his call to the great task of liberating his people from Egyptian bondage. Bushes do not catch fire with divine presence out where the multitudes rush and laugh and whirl. Such fire burns only behind the mountains in the presence of a lonely shepherd. Elijah came out of the mountain country where he was much by himself, and his voice rang through the apostate land like the roar of heavenly thunder. John the Baptist was a man of the wilderness, and the long hours of solitary communion in that region gave God an

opportunity to fill his heart and mind with a sense of his mighty mission. And so the story goes through all history. Poets and saints and mighty souls of all kinds are hammered into shape out in the solitudes. You will see better and hear clearer when you are by yourself. Give it a fair trial. When the day is closing, when the closing glow of the sun is filling all the western skies, go out on some quiet hill and let all the universe speak to you in its voices of solemn silence. Open every door to your inner being and let the voices come in. If you will pray, then God will draw near to you; and in that hour you may find a new task, a new road to the highest summits of life, or some new view of the world that will make it bigger to you for all the years ahead. I do not know what may come to you then, but I do know that under such circumstances the mightiest men have found their tasks and received the anointings for them. Try it, my young friends.

LEADERSHIP.

THERE are not so very many differences between the man who is a leader and the man who is not a leader. I know there is a popular belief that the leader is born, not made; but I do not think that heredity counts for everything and personal choice and action for nothing. We have overworked the claims of heredity. It has become the refuge of failures and of cowards. The drunkard charges his drinking habit to his ancestry, the harlot puts her shame to the account of her parents, and so it goes from one type of sin to another. Indicting the graveyard is a false and a feeble defense of one's wickedness. It is a vindication which no man should seek. The leader owes less to heredity than he owes to his own earnestness and energy. After all is said, he is the man who sees what should be done and does it without being told to do it. He can manage and direct himself, therefore he can manage and direct others. His hands are under the wisdom of his own head. The constitution of the human body gives two hands to each head on the assumption that one head can manage two hands and keep them busy. But there is a multitude whose hands require the direction of two heads, their own and the head of the super-

intendent. They are what you call hands. Some are called good hands, some are called poor hands, but they are hands. Two young men clerk in the same store; one sees something out of place and puts it in place without being told to do it; the other never sees it, or if he does, he never puts it in place till the manager orders him to do it. Two young men work in a factory; one discovers a better and a cheaper way to do his task, and does it; the other sees nothing except what is told him, or if he does, he doesn't take advantage of it. That is the main difference between a leader and a hand, just a common hand. So leadership can show itself in any field of work. It is not confined to large organizations and high places. It has ample opportunity in every field of work and every station of service. And be assured, young men, you cannot hide leadership. Every field of labor needs it and will welcome it. You have just as good a chance to cultivate it and show it in college as you will ever find out in the world of work. The man who cannot manage himself in the matter of studying Latin will not manage himself in directing a railroad. Learn how to see what should be done and then do it of your own motion—that is the soul of leadership.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

I DO not like Ham. He was a coarse, low-minded, vulgar fellow. His soul had its delights in evil. He would have been a street corner blackguard if he had lived in this day. Between him and his brothers, Shem and Japheth, there was a wide chasm. They did not move in the same circle. Their minds and spirits were far apart. It is such facts as these that make it impossible for me to put much faith in the doctrines of heredity and environment. Out of the same parents and the same conditions came Ham and Shem. There is something in human nature that does not fall within material forces and physical laws. Noah became intoxicated and lay in his tent naked, a household calamity which should have smitten every member with sorrow and humiliation; but this vulgar son, Ham, saw in all this shame and sin only a big joke. He laughed at his father's nakedness and tried to turn it into a family comedy. What a different effect it had on the other two sons! They gathered a covering and went backward, ashamed to look on the nakedness of their father,

and covered him. Sin is tragedy, not comedy. Yet there are moral descendants of Ham who see in it nothing but a huge joke. They stand about on the streets and laugh at staggering men, they employ vulgarity to perpetrate humor, they use profanity to add vigor to their speech, they mock sacred things, and they take a delight in all that is evil and disgraceful and vulgar.

What kind of a soul has such a man? He laughs when he should cry, and he mocks when he should pity. But this was Ham's father for whom he had no respect. A man touches the bottom of infamy when he loses reverence for his father. There are perhaps few men to-day who can be as beastly as this ancient blackguard, but I hear young men calling their fathers "the old man." At bottom is there not something of the spirit of Ham in such an expression? Your father deserves by divine right a high and holy place in your thoughts and your love, and it should be your chief joy to give it him. You can never hold him in too high esteem. Soon he will be growing old, his feet will falter, his form will bend, his words will halt, and happy will be the man who can then look upon him and truthfully say, "I have

kept him in a high seat in my thoughts and held him in holy place in my esteem." "Honor thy father and thy mother" was spoken on the Mount of Law, and in every true man's soul there is something that answers back, "This will I do with all my heart."

THE POET AND THE CART DRIVER.

BETWEEN the poet and the cart driver, the musician and the cook, the maker of pictures and the maker of locomotives there is a growing strife which promises to break forth into a stiff fight. The chasm that divides them seems to be too wide and too deep to be crossed with any sense of kinship, and even friendly considerations have ceased to be exchanged, except in the most vexing spirit of condescension. The poet thinks the cart driver is a coarse fellow whose place is in the streets and back alleys, a fellow to be pitied with cheap pity when one feels inclined to idle benevolence. The cart driver, not versed in the finer ways of telling his notions, thinks the poet is a simple fool who lives on moonshine and gives in return for the patience and tolerance of his fellow men a worthless pile of writings. Homer is pitted against the cutter of stone, Phidias against the builder of walls, and the proposal is made in the Forum to exchange Horace for a healthy slave. There is bad blood between the studio of Raphael and the cabbage patch of the peasant, while it is asserted that only kings and fools buy the wares from the

studio and wise men applaud the cabbage grower. The quarrel between Wordsworth and Fulton, between Tennyson and Edison grows toward a universal riot in which all men will be forced by circumstances to take one or the other side. Society seems to be organizing for the fray and skirmishes are taking place in many quarters. Cripple Creek and Chicago are the scenes of bitter outbreaks which at bottom recall long-standing strife between the poet and the cook, between Rembrandt and Whitney.

WALKING WITH GOD.

“ENOCH walked with God.” I don’t know what that means, young men. It is very familiar language, but familiar language becomes mysterious when it is used to express something about God. We all know what it is to walk with each other, but we are confused when it is said a man walked with God. The language is figurative. But it shows how near God is to men and what intimate communion men may have with him. He is not afar off. He is with us, about us, and communicates his thoughts to us. There is something sublime and dreadful in the thought. What dignity it puts on human nature and human life! To know him, go with him, have fellowship with him, these are the mightiest things. We are at the very height of our being when we become sure of his presence. It is easy to see the world about us, but it requires deeper insight into the things around us to see the face of God. Yet out there in the big world, if we are fine enough and serious enough, we may find him everywhere. If you study the flowers close enough, you will see more in them

than botany has to tell you. Behind their forms and their colors and their fragrance there is a throne of glory, high and lifted up, and God is on it. Out yonder in the woods where the big trees wave their leaves and make the music of the forest you may hear his voice. The hills that roll away toward the boundaries of the world make a temple in which you may hear his calls and his commands. The sun that comes in the morning, driving away the darkness of the night, that fills all the heavens above us with its light and its fires, and going down in the west turns the skies into silver seas and fringes every cloud with golden splendor, from beginning to end proclaims the greatness and the majesty of God. And when night comes on and the countless stars come out, pouring their hallowed luster down on our world, they seem to speak ten thousand voices of gentle care and love. But infinitely fuller and sublimer is his voice when it sounds within us. It comes as a voice of judgment, and how dreadful it is to conscience; it comes as a voice of warning, and how commanding it is; it comes as a voice of comfort, and how glorious it is; it comes as a voice of love, and how sublime it is. Enoch heard all these. He walked with God. Do you know him? Can

you understand his voice? Do you long to go with him? Blessed is the man whose heart is pure enough to know God. If you have not found him, do not stop until you and God are on the best terms, and you know his language.

(THE PRODIGAL SON.)

It is stated in the Parable of the Prodigal Son that, after he had wasted all his possession in riotous living, "He came to himself." This was the turning point in his life. Through all the years of his wild career he thought neither of himself nor of his home. His mind and heart were abandoned to the course of reckless revelry. But such a course must come to an end. Wick- edness leads assuredly to ruin. No amount of wealth can stave off the hour of its final bank- ruptcy. It may be delayed, it may seem im- possible, but it is coming steadily and assuredly. So it came to this proud and wild young man. He found himself without means and friends and bread. All was gone and he was sunken into the depths. It is the one unbroken story of sin. Then a light came on him and he saw himself. He took in the whole situation. "He came to him- self." Knowledge, honest knowledge, of one's self is the pivot on which destiny begins to turn. When a man comes to know in all sincerity his real condition, when he is confronted with the results of his blunders and sins, it will mark a turning point in his life. No man can come to

himself without turning to God. The absolute need of God is written in every law of his being and is enforced by every condition of life. It is a low order of mind that fails to learn this truth of his being till some fearful calamity makes him hear it, yet many will not learn it until they have learned it in distress. In the disgrace of a hireling feeding swine the Prodigal found himself. He ran out to the limit of wickedness, and the pinch of hunger and nakedness and disgrace aroused him. Then his father's house came in view. What he might have been rose before his eyes. Everything in him seemed to cry for his father's home, and he resolved to return to it. There must come in every life a time when a knowledge of self forces one to decide whether he will turn unto God or go on in the ways of sin, and that is the supreme issue in every soul. I urge all who have not decided that issue and decided it right to decide it now. Woe to the man who throws God out of his life!

QUIET WALKS.

DR. JAMES H. CARLISLE used to advise students to take walks alone out in the fields and woods, to have quiet association with themselves. It was good advice, yet young folks are not much given to the idea of getting away from the crowd. They love company, they hunger for the crowd. The jammed streets please them, the tumult of the multitude is music to them. To be alone is pain and they run away from it. But the crowd is a dangerous place. Men are never at their best in a crowd. They lose themselves. Many men will do things in a crowd that they would spurn if alone. The rush of the multitude dazes them, the whirl of it intoxicates them, and they slacken the grip on their consciences, they throw away their sense of refinement and are not themselves. That is the power of the mob. It is the insanity of the crowd, for crowds do not think; they reel and swing and rush. They have no will, they have no thought, they have no conscience. I repeat, it is a dangerous thing to be in the crowd. One ought always to be in good company when he is by himself. If he isn't in good company under

such circumstance, he has no one to blame except himself. He ought to make his companion the very best. There is something in being alone that is not to be found under any other conditions. You can get acquainted with yourself at such times, and you should by all means make the most intimate acquaintance with yourself. You may take it for granted that you know yourself. I hear men say they do, but some day they will find something coming up out of a secret place in them which they never suspected existed in them. It may be a weakness which will throw them from the track and cripple them for all time. There are many hidden corners in human nature, and there are many in each of you. You will not find them unless you search yourself diligently. For this very reason I suppose, as well as for other reasons, my wise college President used to advise us to go out in the woods and fields by ourselves. It is a good place to commune with one's own mind, to look one's self full in the face, and talk the straightest language into one's own ears.

ANNUAL REVIVAL SERVICES.

IT is a custom at Trinity to hold a week of special religious services at some time during the year. For this year, these services will begin to-day. You are not all intellect, and life is not all thought, and to these meetings Christian students are looking with much concern. Men have to do with God, and it is the function of the Holy Spirit to impress this truth on our minds. The results of such meetings in Trinity College during its past history cannot be told. This week will be a favorable time for searchings of heart.

It is not an easy task to build a Christian character. The best men find it easy to lose faith and energy. Many men unconsciously are allowing the graces of their Christian character to slip from them, and they will come at last to find themselves unable to respond to the voices of God. I exhort you to give serious, the most serious, attention to these things; and if you find yourself lacking in loyalty to God, mend this lack, for it will prove a fatal, eternally fatal, lack if not mended.

SMALL THINGS.

Do not despise small things. Spiritual forces and destinies cannot be judged by the laws of material magnitudes. What may hang on a single moment, what may be within a single choice, what may hide away in a single act no one can tell. Eternity is somehow shut up within every minute of time and infinity has something to do with every inch of space. God does not require wide space and large physical instruments to bring about the widest revolutions in history and the final issues of destiny. The mother of Moses hid him away in a basket by the river and the daughter of Pharaoh came along by his hiding place. It was a moment of peril. The success of the mother's scheme depended on an absolute hush, but the babe cried. Few babies cry at the right time, and Moses could never have cried at a more unfortunate moment. So it looks to us. He cried and the whole plan was ruined. The Princess sent in for the child. By every mark he was the babe of Jews, the despised and feared slaves. The imperial edict demanded his life, and it was clear that some

Jewish mother was trying to defeat the king's order. Now the babe had fallen into the hands of the imperial family and Moses would go the way of other male children of his people. His little face was blistered by the sun, his brow was full of the marks of pain, and a tear hung silent on his cheeks. The proud princess and the crying babe were face to face. The world hung in a dreadful balance. That was an awful moment. But it was decided within the circle of a tear on the cheek of a babe. The princess could not stand it. It melted her heart, it dissolved her pride, it aroused her soul to its best, and she gathered the little fellow to her bosom and said, "He shall not die. He is mine. I'll take care of him." That morning on the banks of the Nile within the circumference of a tear on a babe's cheek God assembled all the ages, marshaled all the armies of the coming centuries, shaped all the civilizations of the earth, and swung the currents of human history into new channels. The infinite God can do infinite things within the minutest sweep of space. A flower may carry volumes of his goodness to men. You and I can never know the measureless sweep of the smallest detail. Mind how you throw away seemingly small things, be care-

ful how you regard the most insignificant incident. Eternity lies all about you and God is at work in everything. Uncover your heads and stand in silent awe even before the smallest flower at your feet. It may thunder like Sinai or blaze like Hermon.

RUFFIANISM.

BECAUSE a man is young it does not follow that he should be a hoodlum, ruffian, or a fool. Neither do I see any reason why the fact that a man is a student in a college excuses him from being a gentleman. Yet it is commonly accepted in public opinion that students may do things not permitted to other young people. "They are students and you may expect them to do such things. Boys will be boys," is the public defense put up for the rude and ungentlemanly conduct too often found among college students. To my mind it is not a public favor, but a public insult. It is not said, "He is a bootblack, and bootblacks will be bootblacks; or he is an ignorant negro and may be excused; or they are illiterate folks, and illiterate folks will be illiterate folks." All these are held responsible for good and decent conduct. They dare not yell along the streets at night, they dare not take gates from their hinges, they dare not outrage their neighbors. Something decent is expected of them. With all their disadvantages they are held responsible to the standards of respectable

citizens. The only class of men I ever hear excused on the grounds of their mental and moral impotency is students of colleges. Does public sentiment rank them below bootblacks, negroes, and illiterates? Is that the meaning of, "Well, they are students"? Has the world worked through all these centuries in the field of education and been able to get no further than this disreputable reputation? Because you are a college student is it true that the public expects to find all that is common and low and coarse in you? No, young men, this public attitude is an insult to every college man in the land. It should be resented as an insult. No decent man should dare accept its protection. And I say, no decent man will accept it. Such an excuse may be made for idiots, and unless college students are willing to rank as idiots they should not hide behind an idiot's refuge. Because you are college students the world has a just right to expect the best of everything from you; and if you are not disposed to give it, the law should handle you with rough hands. There is no reason why a bootblack should be sent by a court to the roads for taking a gate from the hinges, and the same community laugh at a set of college boys doing the same deed, as though they are

imbeciles. The time has come when colleges should be required to make a show of their right to exist by the superior example in everything set by them. If they know more than other people, then they should do better than other people. Think on these things, young men, and let your conduct be such as becomes educated gentlemen. Get for your college the reputation of being a college of gentlemen and for gentlemen.

THE MUSTARD SEED.

MEASURED by the standards of material magnitudes, the mustard seed is insignificant; measured by the standards of commercial values, it is worthless; but it can grow, and this fact gives it infinite meaning. In this it is like the kingdom of God.

Jesus never measured any man at the point of his beginning or at the moment of his greatest weakness. If he had judged Peter in the light of his loss of courage and of his shameful denial, he would have dismissed him from the circle of the disciples. But this he did not do, because Peter had in him the powers of growth. So Jesus quickened these powers into apostolic dignity and service. If he had made up his mind about the wicked woman brought him by the accusing Pharisees, he would have consented to her death for her crime, but he rather saw in her the smoking flax of virtue, the quivering reed of a broken conscience, and these gave promise, small they may have been, but they were the promise of better things. In them were signs of life, the possibility of growth. He

touched them with a divine inspiration and raised this fallen creature into a clean woman.

Can he grow? That is the question of infinite meaning. The power to grow is the single fact that invests one with eternal value, the one quality that makes him fit for the kingdom of God. This is vastly more than what we mean when we speak of genius. The youth who feels in his spirit, however faint it may be, the motions of life, the stirrings of a growth-power, has in him that with which to conquer all opposing forces, to rise above all obstacles, and to master the eternities. Within the motions of this power he has all the prophecies of a sure triumph and the earnest of a glorious destiny.

It is the first serious end of education to find the springs of growth in the student and to set them in motion. The wise and efficient teacher is on the constant hunt for these resources in his student. It is not how dull he may be at this moment, it is not how backward he may be, but chiefly has he in him that force of mental and spiritual life that will outgrow all these limitations? And equally the student is in search of the teacher who can find his powers of growth and, having found them, can quicken them. As they expand one by one the bands of a narrow

life will fall away, till in the end only the circle of infinity can gird his spirit.

We must rest our hopes and find our joys not in the things we have done, the heights we have already attained, but upon the powers of an endless growth. It is the assurance that we may pass from stage to stage, rise from level to level, that should fill us with faith and inspiration. Like a mustard seed, small as a seed, yet within the tiny hull lies incased the largest of herbs which eventually will unfold its limbs to the winds and furnish a sheltering place for the birds, so one may justly think of himself in the majesty of his unfolding growth-powers.

The most fatal calamity that can befall one is to be overtaken by an arrested growth. It matters not what may be the cause, the results are the same. A young man graduates from college with a high record behind him and large hopes before him, but suddenly he ceases to grow, he becomes the victim of arrested growth, and he falls out of the lines of service and progress. It is too often the story of men. My exhortation to you is, first of all, prize the power to grow and fight daily against the possibility of its total loss, or even its slightest decay.

BEING A FRIEND.

DAVID and Jonathan were great friends. Through them the lessons of friendship are told in the Bible; it is a part of God's revelations to men. Their friendship deserves your study, young men. They tell you how to be a friend, and this is one of the greatest gifts. It is greater than the gift to make friends. It is in truth the very foundation of making friends. The man who does not know how to be a true friend cannot expect to have friends. Men will not give to you what you refuse to give to them. Hate will beget hate as sure as love will beget love. But to be a friend is no small affair. There are obligations with it that call for the strongest qualities of character, such as courage, honesty, steadfastness, and trust. These are of the large virtues. Of course, it is not a great thing to be a friend after the common idea of friendship. Popular friendship is cheap, shallow, and worthless. At best it is no more than admiration, if it is not more frequently a selfish scheme for some benefit. But genuine friendship seeks no benefit. There is nothing commercial about it.

It does not trade. It keeps no books. It sends in no accounts. When a man begins by saying, "I'm your friend," and finishes by saying, "You ought, therefore, to do this for me," you may list him among the Egyptian traders. He has about the same use for friendship that Jesse James had for a revolver. Not many men are capable of real friendship. Many can do the small and easy parts of friendship, but few can do the hard parts of it, and these are the true tests. To rebuke, to warn, to correct, to disapprove for the sole purpose of righteousness and good, these are the duties of friendship, and only a few are brave enough to perform them. They fear in the first place that it will break off the friendship, and they deliberately allow the person they claim to be a friend to go on some line of conduct that will bring hurt and ruin, and they never utter one word of warning. That is not friendship. If it is genuine, it will not always be the most pleasing; it will on the contrary sometimes be the source of pain. It may be well for you to examine yourselves to see whether you are after all a real friend to any person. If you are, you will have some hard duties to perform to them, unless they are perfect, and this you cannot expect them to be.

COUNTRY ABOVE PARTY.

YESTERDAY the nation had an election, and the morning papers indicate that Mr. McKinley has been chosen by the voters the President of the United States for the coming four years. To some of you this will not be pleasing, to others it will be pleasing. We are a people of political parties and do every possible thing, and many things which should not be possible, to win an election. But both parties cannot win. One must lose. Yesterday the Republican party won at the polls. However, Mr. McKinley is the President, not of a party but of a nation. Whether you like or do not like, he is the head of this government for us all. And what now is the duty of each of us? If we are true Americans, if we know the real meaning of citizenship, if we have in us genuine patriotism, we know that it is the duty of each to do all within his power to make Mr. McKinley a great President. Only a small and unpatriotic man will set to work to hinder his administration and to make it a failure. To fight him as President will be to fight your country. To give him your loyal sup-

port will be to give it to your country. I know there is in our land a spirit which will do everything possible to injure his administration. They call this party loyalty. They will watch every act, criticize every movement, and denounce every policy, and this for no other reason than what they call party interest. No man's party is bigger than his country. Learn that. Stand up in the line for your nation. Be an American above everything else. You may belong to a party, but when you are defeated at the polls, fall in line and march with the hosts of citizens, doing all you can to make your country bigger and better and mightier. Don't be a mean partisan. A man who will hurt his country to please his spites is a traitor. If Mr. McKinley fails, let none of it be chargeable to you or to me.

THE FAITH OF MOSES'S MOTHER.

IT is common enough to hear a sermon on the faith of Moses, but I do not recall that I ever heard one on the faith of Moses's mother. She has been forgotten, or lost in the glow of her son's fadeless glory. This is not unusual. It is the common lot of mothers to be swallowed up by the fame of their sons. On the tomb of Schiller's mother are the simple words, "The Mother of Schiller." This may be as she wished it to be. Yet I feel that justice demands something more than a secondary glory for a mother, and especially for the mother of Moses. Behind all he was and all he did stands her faith. The starting point of his wonderful career was in her heart. She was the first to find him. He was not first found by Pharaoh's daughter, or the university of Egypt which he attended. In spite of all the hatred which the king had for the people of Abraham and the heavy shadows which fell upon the brow of every bondslave's child, she saw that he was a proper child. Call it a mother's bias if you choose; it matters little what helped her in her discovery; she saw in him what no other earthly eyes could see, and

seeing it she said, "He shall not die." Her faith in him was big enough to stand off a king and an army and a whole empire. Within this faith and courage Moses found his first shelter, and the world owes his mother a debt as big as its debt to her famous son. But this is God's way of guiding men. When he constituted motherhood he built the refuge of human life and kindled the bright light in which might be read his plans even in the soft brow and deep eyes of a babe. You and I are debtors beyond measure to our mothers for their discovery of us. Perhaps they saw more in us than they will ever get out of us, but they saw in us enough to make them believe in us when nobody else believed us, and through all the years of our childhood to the present moment they have nursed a belief in us. They have gone ahead of us with an ambition and put us on high places and in their dreams—have been mothers of heroes. You young men are here in college because your mothers from the start saw something big in you. Your mother heard in every little word you spoke when a mere child something great; she saw it in every little plan you had, she felt it in every little victory you won, and now that you are in college she truly believes she is on the very

threshold of having all her dreams come true. She is willing to pay the price of it in sacrifice and patience and toil, and to do it gladly. She is looking daily for something great to come to her son. Shall you disappoint her? Will you break up all her dreams? Will you prove her a false prophetess? You'll have to widen your stride, young man, if you keep up with the march of her visions. Do your best, make a man of yourself, and she will be glad.

CHRIST AS AN EDUCATOR.

IT is a hopeful fact of modern thought that men are turning from the study of theology and concentrating their minds on the person of Christ. As a result we have to-day many lives of Christ. He is treated by one as a reformer, by another as a politician, by another as a man, and in a hundred other ways. Stalker in his "Imago Christi" seems to have touched every side of the nature of the Saviour. He has shown that he was a business man, a social man, a religious man, a patriot, and a loyal citizen. I want to show that he was an educator.

As Christ looked over a world sunk in sin he saw that the one thing it needed was education in righteousness. To give that education was his task. He founded a school. He took for his students twelve men, untaught in the traditions of the learning of the day. Twelve men were enough with him. Nothing depended on numbers in his system. He based his plans rather on the great thoughts that were within him. The superiority of this view is shown by his success. In three years he had in-

spired courage and excited hopes in these students that the power of Rome could not destroy. From them have come thoughts that to-day move the world. Give me a senior class of twelve men like those twelve graduates and I will move the world.

Let us notice the methods of the Master's school. Above all things else he had a message. He had deep and invincible conviction. What he believed he believed to Golgotha. This is the first lesson of a great educator. If I were hunting for a clear-cut conviction, I should seek it last in the colleges and universities of our country. No college is founded till it puts down an idea for which it will die. It is a poor game for an educational institution to play all things to all men. A college should have convictions on politics, on society, on government. The Master had convictions and he sought to nerve the hearts of men with these convictions. The world to-day is laughing at the institutions of learning. It does not look to them for men who can denounce shams. In too many cases they do not even expect it from the college graduates.

The aim of the Master's teaching was life. He said: "I came that ye might have life." He wanted to produce life power and he sought the

forces that had in them the capacity of faith and life and he brought them to their completeness. I am often puzzled to know what we mean by the term "scholarship." It has been said that Phillips Brooks was no scholar, and that Emerson and Bishop Haygood were not scholars. They were no scholars because they had not spent their lives digging into the dusty tasks of dead roots and unmeaning analyses. I maintain that scholarship is lower than life. Brooks, Emerson, and Haygood created aspirations for a greater and higher life. We want scholarship to broaden the scope of life. When you, young gentlemen, leave your college lives you ought to take to your homes larger concepts of life; otherwise your college life is a failure. If there is life in mathematics, in philosophy, in literature, let us go down deep into them and get it. I hear education vindicated on the basis of money-making. If you expect to come from a college so equipped that you may make a fortune, you are mistaken. Uneducated men will beat you in that line. Neither can it be vindicated on a social or a political basis. It is only to be justified on the basis of life power.

You cannot make a teacher. There was never a bigger fraud than psychological pedagogy—

Nature alone makes the teacher. Dr. Craven, in all his life-making, man-making power has had no peer as an educator in your State. It was a part of the genius of the man. Again, man does not live by bread alone. The great cause of success of Christ as an educator is that he discerned something in man. Let us not measure a college by its buildings or its enrollment. I am often asked, "How many students have you at Trinity?" as though I were running a stock farm. Some people measure a college by its baseball or its football team. This has become a favorite mode of advertising with some institutions. It is a false standard. The college is greatest that has the greatest man as its ideal.

There is much talk about practical education. The rage for the practical is about to rob us of our ideas of the beautiful. You would not come to me asking to marry my daughter on the grounds that it would be a practical marriage. Then why should a man ask me to allow him to train her for her life on the grounds of the practical?

What does Trinity College see in you? I see a great country boy go to college from the farm, and I wonder what he will be when he comes back to the farm. Will he come back with long

hair, sharp shoes, and foppish ways—a first-class pauper? If colleges cannot turn out better men than that, they had better quit. Some of the rowdiest men I have seen on the railroad cars have been college students. The world is looking to see what they are to get from the colleges. The hope of the country is Christian education. The college man must be the Christ man. If the colleges that stand for Christian education do not save the country, it will not be saved. If you will show me a better idea of life than the Christ life, a better educational idea than that of Christ, I will go with it.

THE EIGHTH PSALM—GOD MAGNIFIED.

THIS short song celebrates the glory of God. Upon it is the light of a noonday's sun and the splendor of a cloudless night. David saw the glory of God shining in all the heavens, and, with the enthusiasm of a youthful spirit, the passion of an exalted worship, he breaks forth, "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!"

But his rapturous praises are suddenly halted. "When I look up at the blazing sun and note its great orb, when I gaze upon the moon in its gentle glory, when I regard the heavens filled with innumerable stars pouring forth their silent luster, when I gather these all into the great mass of God's handiwork, what is there in man, this tiny creature when compared with the heavens, what is there in him that God should visit him?" This is the surprise which the Lord creates. He comes out from above the sun and the moon and the stars to visit this human creature. Why is it? What is there in him that God should talk to him, walk with him, and commune with him? What is it that justifies such divine action?

It is because the glory of **God** is not best and most fully spoken through material mass, but through refined spirits. He is not magnified most by immeasurable systems of physical creation, but by the responses of consecrated souls. He is not most clearly revealed through the quantity of matter, but through the quality of man. God's highest glory is in his moral qualities, not in his immeasurable force. It is not omnipotence, but love; it is not in the extent of creation, but in truth; and it is not in material processes, but in redeeming grace that his divine glory reaches its summit. His excellency is the infinite excellency of character, and this cannot be spoken forth in clearness and completeness by suns and moons and stars.

Then why does God visit man? Because in a consecrated man he finds his fullest organ of speech, the truest expression of himself. In the meekness of Moses shone more divine excellency than has blazed through the sun in all ages; in the faith and courage of Elijah God was magnified more than in all the works of his fingers; in the voice of David sounded out sweeter music and truer praises than when all the stars sang together on the morning of creation; and when Jesus held in his arms a speechless babe upon

whom he spoke the benedictions of heaven, God was more like himself than in winds and waves and clouds.

The highest, the finest, and the mightiest power is quality, not quantity; it is spiritual excellency, not physical force. Lordship is the right of spiritual fineness, not of material force. All things are under the feet of man, not because of his bigness, but because of his highness of soul. He is above all orders—just a little lower than angels—not in his hands, but in his spirit. As a thing he is a tiny thing standing against sun, moon, and stars. But standing on the shores where the booming waves break, the wild seas stretch out, and the distance is unknown, he says, “I’ll sail these seas, I’ll go to their ends,” and over them he goes. A new continent, with its wildernesses, its mountains, its plains, lies before him and he vows, “I’ll conquer this new world.” And he masters it. He turns the blazing desert sands into harvest fields, he cuts the mountains to pieces, and everywhere he asserts his lordship—in seas and earth and air. But the seat of his lordship is in the highness of his quality.

But there is another, a deeper and a nobler realm in which he is higher and mightier than

the universe of things in which he lives. He may choke to death the tongues of passion that rave in his soul, he may stamp out the sensual passions that burn in his blood, and he may grow more and more into the likeness of the Son of God. In these man finds his highest conquests. He may mirror forth all the qualities of God. Therefore God visits you and visits me. Let us not forget the secret of our power, the source of our dignity, and the cause of God's centered interest in us.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

WHATEVER else this beautiful and popular Parable may teach, it clearly says that every man should be thoroughly prepared against all possible emergencies, to meet all possible life strains, and to be protected against disastrous surprises. The Wise Virgins had done these things, the Foolish Virgins had not done them. In this lay the difference between them. They had the same aim, the same interest, and were on the same mission; but five of them calculated their needs at the lowest point, speculated on the future demands, took chances against unknown conditions. They lost for the lack of preparation against emergencies.

We live our lives in a world of surprises, of miscalculations, of sudden changes, of unexpected calls, of unforeseen storms. It is wisdom to admit this and provide for it. If our lives moved on a level, all would be easy. But its ways lead through mountains as well as across plains. There are heights to be ascended and depths to be crossed. It is day at one moment, it is night at the next moment. It is smooth at

one point, it is rough at another point. Normal life is the life spent amid abnormal circumstances. To be ready for all changes is the main thing. If one is not fitted to meet strains, there is a point somewhere at which he will pay the fatal price of his folly.

Let me indicate some of the simple forms in which one sees the interpretation of this parable. It is the common concern of a young student to get himself ready for college. But what does this getting ready mean to him? If it is just enough of work done to truthfully meet the requirements set down in the catalogue, he is not ready. His real readiness lies in the more he has than the catalogue demands. It is in the extra oil he has in the vessel, not the amount only which he has in the burning lamp. There will be many times when he will need to draw from the surplus and this surplus will prove his only safety.

Take another illustration. A young man has grown up in the quiet surroundings of a country or a village home. His community has been far away from the noise of the crowd and wild rush of the multitude. He suddenly passes from his home quietude into the college crowd and the swift currents of the college spirit. A new strain

is upon him. It is a moment of crisis. He needs more resistance than he has ever needed, he needs more wisdom than he has ever needed, and he needs more active force than he has ever needed. All depends upon his ability to meet this sudden change, these unexpected temptations. Is he prepared for this emergency?

Illustrations abound in every sphere of human life. It is needless to point them out. Only remember that you must be ready to meet and master the unexpected. The ability to do this makes the difference between the man who leads and the man who cannot lead. The man who rises to industrial leadership is the man who is not conquered by surprises; the man who leads in political matters is the man who is ready for every situation; and the man who holds a commanding place in the Church is the man whose faith is equal to all conditions. Suffer this exhortation: Get ready for emergencies. Have enough by having more than enough.

FRIENDSHIP.

I HAVE spoken to you frequently about friendship. It is a most sacred relation and I cannot too often remind you of its offices. Jesus sanctified it when he said to his disciples, "I call you friends." He drew them within a closer circle of his life when he said that to them. A man and his friends make up an intense community bound by strong ties. One should be careful whom he admits to this circle and the conditions upon which he admits them. You should form no friendships in unrighteousness. "The same day Pilate and Herod were made friends," is a record of shame from which their names can never be saved. It will follow them to the end of time. They became friends in the common cause of turning over the Eternal Prince into the hands of the mob to be crucified. They met in the world's blackest crime and became friends. Friends in sin, pals in crime, that is the work of devils. "We are friends, we run together, we drink together, we gamble together, we loaf together, we are bosom chums," is the way some think of what makes friends. They are partners

in crime, they have no right to use the word "friend." They are not bound together by bonds of love and esteem and confidence. They have no respect for each other. They run together only because they are so many of a kind, and the kind is very base. When the strain comes they will fly apart like dry sand. They are companions in darkness and when the light comes they run away. I do not believe there is any real friendship among sinners. I do not see how there can be such a thing. Sin offers no grounds for it. Only friendship resting on truth and righteousness will abide. Jonathan stood for David against the king, and John went with his Master, who had called him "friend," to the cross. Make friends, young men, but make them in righteousness and hate the idea of friendship in sin. That man is rich who has his circle of friends made up only of the pure minded, the earnest, the clean-mouthed, and the upright. In such an atmosphere he can be happy and grow on and on into the largest things. It is a warm atmosphere, a health-making atmosphere, a saving atmosphere. Have friends, but have them only in the bonds of truth and right.

THE MISSION OF A COLLEGE.

THIS is the beginning of the fiftieth year in the history of Trinity College under the management of the Church and with the name Trinity College. This historical fact gives to this opening hour more than ordinary meaning. For a half century this college has been serving with patriotic fidelity not only the commonwealth whose charter it holds, but all this region of our great nation. Its sons are scattered throughout the earth and are doing the work of strong men in all spheres of honorable activity. There is not in our land a nobler family than the Trinity family. So behind us to-day stretches a half century of brave and unselfish history that is rich in all those high virtues which give glory and honor to human history. This record is Trinity's richest heritage, its best endowment.

I greet you at this moment in the name of all the sons of Trinity. For far across this continent, and far over the seas, there are hearts that turn to this place to-day. It is the opening day of their *Alma Mater*, and, in spirit, they have seen their national flag unfurled and assembled

with you in this place to implore the guidance of God upon the work of a new year. The alumni of this college love their *Alma Mater* as few college men love their old college.

An increasing army of youths within these weeks is entering the colleges of our land. These youths are the choice youths of the land. They live on the high levels of the best ambitions and the noblest purposes. There are thousands and thousands who would have joined them, but unfortunate circumstances have hindered them. They too belong to the class of choice youth. And their inability to realize the best ambitions that stir in the hearts of the young is the most painful tragedy of our educational efforts.

A college, if it be true to its mission, must regard itself as a determined effort upon the part of a people to break through vexing limitations and raise human life in thought and in deeds. This is the most serious, the most vital mission of a college. For it is one of the points at which the thought, the faith, and the best ambitions of an age should have their fullest expression and from which they should get their surest promulgation. If this be not true, then the general public conception of a college is wholly

wrong. There is no just reason for the place of honor which such communities hold in the esteem of the general public.

Fidelity to the duties of this vital office should at all times be the ruling purpose of a college. To show a selfish indifference to the problems of human progress is an act of treason to the interest of mankind that is only increased in its shamefulness by the exalted position of those who perpetrate it. One should find in colleges the most serious spirit of labor as he should find the most earnest type of patriotic faith.

I am glad to say to you, especially to that class of you who come into this community for the first time, that I am sure the spirit of this college is a serious and an earnest spirit. Trinity is not without its human weaknesses. But these give us pain. They are not cultivated. Nor are they extenuated upon frivolous reasoning. Yet the ruling purpose of this college is to render real service, to do something that will make larger men, that will make a better commonwealth, and that will set forward the reign of truth. This it can only accomplish by lifting some youths out of their narrow settings and setting up in them new standards of living as well as creating new forces in society. Lifting men is

our mission, and lifting them high is our ambition.

For this reason Trinity College has not encouraged a greed for large numbers. The service a college renders the world must be measured by the height to which it raises a few men. The quality of citizens is of vastly more importance to a commonwealth than is the number of them. China with its millions and millions has no such history as lies behind the Greeks. To be the rendezvous of a multitude is a false ambition for a college, but to be a community of working students and teachers is a praiseworthy aim.

I am frank to say that there are not lacking in American colleges signs which strain the confidence of thoughtful men. Steadily there have grown up in our educational communities customs and sentiments which beget just suspicions. The spirit of play has become alarmingly great, while the spirit of work has seemingly declined. A class of pedagogical adventurers have conceived the scheme of reducing education to a happy outing and a prolonged frolic. It is not difficult to see why their shallow philosophies should gain favor among the young, but the way to knowledge is still a steep, a long, and a hard way, only passed over by those who have

courage and endurance. Men who work hard and economize closely to send their sons to college fail to understand why they should toil that their sons may frolic. And no sane man can show them a sound reason for such an arrangement.

MY SABBATICAL YEAR.

I AM about to begin the Sabbatical year of my administration of the affairs of Trinity College. I am rash enough to wish I were a young man just entering college. This seems to be such a rich period at which to begin the life of a student. Men have gone higher and deeper in their searches into all things, and from these distant expeditions have brought, and are bringing, immense reaches of knowledge. All things are gladly giving out their secrets, and taking the honest and faithful mind into their fullest confidence. The tallest men, as teachers, are giving their energies and acquisitions to young men. Men of wealth are bestowing their riches upon colleges and universities that nothing may be wanting. The sound of the ax on the hillside, the thud of the pick in the mine, the roar of the blast in the quarry are the struggles of men to open wider ranges for the student. If what Channing says, "The universe was constituted to educate men," be true, then it has taken up the task with a new energy and promise. The loud calls that rush from every source upon

young men to-day are the universal calls to be wise and strong men. This, young men, is the age of "high callings."

The years that are before the generation of men now passing through college promise immense returns for faithful and honest efforts. A strange sort of glamour hangs about the heroic days of other centuries, and it is easy to think that those were the times of promise. History has a happy genius of giving increased luster to those who were in the front ranks of the past. Do not listen to the evil voices that speak gloomy words of these times. Demosthenes uttered a caustic reproof to the Athenians because they took special delight in the orator much given to abuse and gloom. Such men he deemed the enemies of the state. When this century, now closing, opened on the world, this nation was an infant. Your great-grandfathers were born into a nation having a smaller population than the present State of New York. Tennessee and Kentucky were then "the wild West." The center of population hung nearly over Baltimore. It required three weeks to get a letter from Philadelphia to Nashville, Tenn. There were only two institutions that gave any attention to scientific studies, the medical colleges of

Philadelphia and Boston. What they called science has passed into the ghost stories of to-day. There were great minds and brave spirits at that time in this small nation in the woods. Adams, Madison, Gallatin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Marshall, Monroe, Pinckney, are names that give birth to nations and made our history honorable in the earth one hundred years ago.

We have made good use in this country of these hundred years. We have multiplied our area by more than four; our population by fifteen; our wealth to marvelous extents; colleges and universities have grown so rapidly and to such enormous proportions as to astound the world; we have a literature that honors the language we speak; and to-day the stars and stripes are in an endless morning dawn. What vigor there has been, and is, in our history!

Sirs, it is a great thing to fall into the hands of this nation. It has bestowed abundance upon its people. Men from its lowest ranks have ascended to its chiefest seats of power. It has taken obscure boys and made of them senators, judges, and diplomats of the highest order. The negro was sold on these shores from the jungles of Africa, and set free by the shedding of the richest blood, and given a freedom in which he

has found hopes, education, religion, ambitions, and civil honors. Such a record is found nowhere except in our history. They tell us that Germans will elect the next president of this nation, and all parties have just now a goodly respect for them. That is more than this class of Germans could do in their native land. Broadway, New York, as their names indicate, is the scene of foreigners' trade. Names in New York that will be honored at any bank for large drawings, could not, before reaching this goodly land, command the commercial consideration of a janitor in an American hotel. In one decade a boy plows, in the next he is the head of a college, university, factory, bank, immense business, or in some of the lofty seats of power and duty. In England forty generations could not climb from the plow to the throne; in America it can be done by a single man. President McKinley and Mr. Bryan owe all their fame to these United States. Here we have an aristocracy, but it is the aristocracy of worth. Our lords are men of power, not lords of genealogical tables.

Never did America offer her sons more than she holds out to them to-day. To the idler she offers a just and marvelous poverty, misery, and shame; to the earnest and industrious, un-

touched mines, uncleared fields, ungrazed pastures, unused rivers, an open highway to learning in all good knowledge, the right to labor for loftiest benefits, and an open *world* in which to work. Never was American life so sacred in the eyes of all nations as it is at this date. The "Maine" went down in a moment, the crime of a second, but out of the mud of Havana Harbor was raised the American flag, around which millions of faithful voices raised a shout of patriotism that was heard at every throne, while the noblest sons, by way of Santiago, raised it over every hill in Cuba. To-day on the far-flung battle lines in the Orient the American soldier flashes his sword and fires his deadly shot that America's sons may be rescued. Go where you may, it is a happy thought that you have the protection of a government that will not count dollars against your life. Never were your lives so precious to your country as they are this day. No, sirs, I know no larger fortune for any man than to fall into the hands of our country. I congratulate you, and say with joy, you are a rich set of Americans.

Just now you are concerned chiefly with what a Southern college has for you. That will depend largely on the spirit that rules you. If

you belong to that class of thoughtless and insincere men, it has nothing for you. If you are a sincere man, it has much for you. You note that I have not spoken about your mental endowments. I have not, because they have their force in your moral qualities. After a number of years of observation I do not hesitate to state that seriousness is at the bottom of all success, especially the success of a student. It must always make a radical difference whether a man approaches a task as a joke or a work. To take the world seriously is to feel those deep emotions of reverence, sincerity, and courage. Out of these come tastes for the deep thoughts that enter into the constitution of things. Such a mind is always on the hunt for great truths of which he plans to make great uses. I have observed during these years of my connection with this college that the typical Trinity man is a serious man. He shows it in his face, in the tones of his voice, in the simplicity of his bearings, and in the persistency with which he works.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME ON THE OPEN- ING OF COLLEGE.

WE are glad to welcome you back to college and to work. We trust that this has been a summer of very great pleasure and profit to you. You have had an opportunity for your parents to show you how much they appreciate you, you have had an opportunity for the community to show how much they appreciate you, and an opportunity to test for yourself your increased powers. I trust your summer has been one of profit to all; that you do not return to us bearing any scars as the mark of a misstep, but that you come back to college with a clean record, because of fidelity to duty and high responsibility. I trust that you bring to college the same high motives that were inspired in you in the years gone by, and that as old students you come to be a worthy example to your new friends that join you.

To the new students I wish to say that this is a new era in your lives, a new test of your strength. You are on trial. The fact is, we are always on trial. We are always Freshmen some-

where. You will be a Freshman when you get into the upper kingdom. You are always Freshmen with reference to what is ahead of you. I admit that a college Freshman is a peculiar kind of man. A great many of the dreams and visions that he had at home will fade away; a great many of the anticipations of college life will never be realized by him; a great many things he never thought of will be realized by him. You enter college this morning, as Dr. Carlisle says, on trial for your lives.

I have just said something about your entrance into college and your preparation in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, etc., but there is another preparation that is of much higher value, of greater importance than this. It is the preparation that your mother started to give you the first time she bent you at her knee and said over your bowed head, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Some of you have brought no other evening prayer with you than "Now I lay me down to sleep"—that indicates inner preparation of high honor and high integrity and true manhood and purity.

We look very closely into your faces, for we want to see whether they are clean faces. Is that young man prepared to have all the rights

of college; is he prepared to have a roommate; is he prepared to be trusted on the streets; is he prepared to be trusted out of sight; to be trusted by his parents away from home? That is the most important preparation. This is a great time for you to vow a very great vow to yourself, and I trust you will do it. If you have been taught to pray, and to attend church, do not think that being a Freshman in college has released you from it. Start right. Last night was your first night in college. Did you do as you did at home—bow by your bedside and commit yourself to God before retiring, or did you say, “I am in college now; a college boy cannot afford to pray; that will do for the folks at home”? If you did, you made a terrible stride toward ruin.

A number of young men bring with them to college a younger brother. A Senior, a Junior, or a Sophomore brings with him a younger brother. Do your father and mother take any great risk by sending that brother along with the older brother? Is he safe in his hands? Young men, you who have younger brothers in college, you never had so much responsibility placed upon you as when that younger brother boarded the train to come with you to college. If he trusts

you, let every day's walk be such as to prove yourself worthy of that trust; and what you do for your own brother, be sure to do for other folks' brothers.

You have heard much about hard times. They are peculiar times. Some of your parents gave you a talk about money before you left your homes. The question was in the scales for several days, if not several weeks, as to whether you could attend college. You heard your parents discuss financial problems with more zeal and anxiety than they were ever discussed in any Senate chamber. Finally the last calculation was made. There was no margin. It did not exactly come out, but they took courage, trusting to Providence and to do your good judgment, and they said, "Son, don't spend any more than is necessary. We are having a hard time to send you to college and you know it." I have received many letters from parents on this money question. From this hour you should begin to manage your father's money with great fidelity and sanctity. There are a father and a mother at home asking themselves every day, "Does it pay to put our money in our boy?"

There is a sense in which a dollar is a holy thing. A dollar has so many grains of silver or

gold, but that amounts to nothing when weighed in the great scales of destiny; measured by the great purposes behind it, there is nothing below God's throne more sacred than a dollar. When you take it you should turn it over and over till you rightfully measure it. "Son, don't spend too much money. We are having a hard time to send you to college." Economize, my boy; it will be necessary, if that message was given you when you left the front door; keep your orders till you return home in June, and let it be understood that you have been faithful to that order. God pity a man who is a poor man's boy and willfully drags his father into a rich man's luxuries.

If you are wealthy, you owe me a debt. You owe it to me not to tempt me to spend too much money. Two young men came to college, one a poor man's son, the other a rich man's son—a veritable Jonathan and David. This wealthy young man went through college for four years on \$175 a year, economizing and living like a poor man. He said: "My reason is, I love my roommate and I will not tempt him to spend money, but I will get down and help him to go through on as little as possible." That is heroism.

One other point. I hope your Bibles are on your tables. I pity any young man who came to college without his Bible, and I pity a mother who allowed her son to come to college without a Bible. If you never read your Bible, read it now. There is no wall around Trinity College. Evil is here as everywhere. Hide yourself behind your Bible. Next Sunday morning I hope to see you in your places in church. There is a spirit to-day that promises to make church-haters. The greatest strength in America is Church fidelity. When that is gone there is nothing to stand on.

Now, young gentlemen, I have confidence in you; your professors have confidence in you. We believe you are trustworthy men and gentlemen. You do not expect me to follow you as if you were babies. I may repeat to you the same old rule, not original with me, that we expect you to be Christian gentlemen and do your duty, that is all. I wish to say to you new young men that the old students will have as much interest in your upright walk as we have. Do your duty as Christian gentlemen. You do not need me to interpret these terms for you.

There are a great many things you call frolic that are beneath the dignity of a Freshman—

things that ought to be left to the jungles of Africa. You should do here as you do at home. Treat your room as you do your mother's room at home.

From time to time I shall exhort you and talk to you. God bless you this year.

WAR.

CONGRESS passed yesterday a declaration of war. It will be something for you to remember, that during your college days the United States went to war with Spain. It will be something for you to remember the causes which led to this war. It has been one of the strangest orderings of history that the critical questions of human history have been settled largely on the battle field. It is the peculiarity of human nature to think itself right even when it is wrong and to hold most tenaciously to its opinions, and these have been broken or maintained at the expense of life. And so a question arises between America and Spain. Congress cannot settle it, diplomatic relations cannot settle it, and now it must be settled with the sword. This is certainly no time for frivolous thought, no time for unpatriotic feelings. Thousands of lives may go down; it may be settled without the loss of many lives. No man can prophesy the issue. It is certainly very trying to see a number of young men with fresh faces, full of hope, buckling on a sword, shouldering a gun, and mounting a car

with tears on their cheeks, anxious hearts standing by to see these men move off to the field of slaughter.

I confess that I had peculiar feelings the other day when I met two trains of American soldiers moving on to the field of battle. Never before did I experience such strange feelings.

What is the duty of the college student in an hour like this? What can you, as a student, do? Be faithful to your country, young men. We hear a great deal about patriotism and the love of one's country. There are times when your country does not need your patriotism. At such times we are most likely to be boastful. In an hour like this what should you do? You can give to your country your moral support, your prayers, your taxes. You can serve it at home and let it know, and let those know who defend her honor and maintain her national integrity, that down to the last American man there is a feeling of high regard for the purposes and plans of this government.

I do not know that any of you wish to volunteer. More than thirty years ago there came a crisis like this in this institution. Young men like you then rose up, walked out from Trinity College, shouldered their guns, and never came

home again. Trinity College has its brave young students scattered over the battle fields of this Southland. I would not advise you to join the army. I would not put a straw in your way if you felt called to it. That is a question that must be left with you, as with all men. But I venture the assertion that there is no true-born American anywhere between the Pacific and the Atlantic, between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, who would stand by and see his country defamed or injustice done her, and never lift his hand for her defense. They may not need you and me to fight; they need us in other places. Fill your place, young man, and if they need you and me erelong, be men and respond. There seems to have come the time in the world's history and progress when a nation like Spain, from every finger of which drops blood, and that of innocent men and women, with a history of murder and outrage and robbery—that God should write Ichabod on Gibraltar, and Spain must go down. And I wish to emphasize to you that whenever you lead your country along the lines of crime and wickedness which Spain has traveled, you may expect to run some day upon the same handwriting, and America will go down.

God never gives a nation a perpetual lease on

life, only as it stands by God and the right. The perpetuity of a nation depends upon the righteousness of the people, and you must maintain your government in righteousness. I do not believe there has been a battle field upon which God did not go, and in which the providence of God did not settle some questions of moral and religious truth. And there are some in this. It may be the beginning of immense issues. Before it is over every civilized nation on the globe may be plunged into war. It may be settled in two weeks. But this I venture: whenever an American fleet thinks the time has come to open its guns on Morro Castle, it will be done by the true courage of American men, and victory will come to them or else death will meet them.

God calls America to-day to right centuries of wrong, and to revenge the blood of innocent men and women. Let America obey her God, and then humble herself as an instrument in his awful hands.

THE VOTER IN AMERICA.

WE are now in the closing days of a national political campaign. Next Tuesday the voters of the nation will choose for themselves the Chief Executives of the nation and of many of the States, as they will also choose national and State legislators, and many minor officers. It will be a day of very grave issues. A country so complex in its fundamental organization and so far-reaching in its influences in matters of government cannot change its officers, much less its policy of government, without involving the very existence of tremendous interests. Nor should it be lost sight of that our national election is not an affair which solely concerns Americans and American affairs. Our modern civilization with its governmental machinery is of world proportions, and therefore every nation in the earth is vitally interested in what Americans do in matters of government.

It is not for us to discuss the wisdom of our policy of frequent elections. Acting in the light of human experience and moved by the most patriotic motives, the founders of this republic

deemed it wise to make such provisions. The framers of our constitutions, national and State, earnestly and honestly wished to secure popular government against the many ills which had hitherto proven fatal to human governments, and they thoroughly believed that frequent elections, in which a great body of the citizens expressed their choice, would constitute an anchor sure and steadfast for our republic. And so, for more than a hundred years, we have followed this policy.

In the last presidential election, held in 1904, there were cast for all candidates 13,520,521 votes, of which number Mr. Roosevelt, the successful candidate, received 7,623,486 votes. Instead then, as Mr. Lincoln said, "This is a government of the people, by the people, for the people," it is in truth a government of the voters, and by the voters for the people, or rather a government of the few and by the few for all the folks. With us popular government does not mean that the whole population has a part in the making and changing of our administrative policies. There are more than eighty millions of people in this country, and for them less than one-tenth of the entire number selects the President and fixes the policies of the nation.

Upon the voter, therefore, rests a tremendous responsibility, a responsibility of which the founders of this republic were fully aware as their discussions in the convention which adopted our Constitution bear witness. The destiny of our country is in the hands of that minority of citizens who have the right of the ballot. Do these voters, this minority, have anything like a proper conception of their responsibility to the whole citizenship, composed, as it is, of men, women, and children who have no voice in the government under which they live? Is the American voter a citizen whose patriotism is of that intelligent and moral type that inspires the confidence of the American people? Do the facts of our history vindicate the integrity of our American vote? These are far from being idle questions; for a degraded ballot is the poisoning of the nation at its fountain source. The purity, the intelligence, the patriotism, and the moral integrity of the American ballot is the very heart of our strength and of our hopes.

A DANGEROUS ERROR.

It may be fairly charged in the light of ample evidence that the American vote is regarded to too great an extent as a private right to be used

for selfish interests. This is a radical and an extremely dangerous error. It wholly sets aside the claims which society at large has upon one who by its consent is authorized to act for it. The right to vote is a right which society has conferred upon a certain portion of its members, and the voter is in a true sense nothing more than a public trustee. He does not own the estate; he simply administers it. Whatever is primarily intended for public benefit should never be usurped for selfish welfare. Money is an instrument of social dealings in matters of commerce, and no individual has the right to hoard it, though in a sense it is his. It is his to use, never to hoard. And in a fuller sense, the American ballot is public property to be used for the benefits of society.

If these principles be true, and I am sure they are true, it is unpatriotic to ignore the large interests of society when one casts his vote. The banker has no right to cast his vote as though the whole machinery of government was designed for banking interests; the manufacturer has no right to vote as though the factories were the sole enterprises to be served by government; the farmer has no right to vote solely in the interests of the farmers; the laborer has no right

to vote solely in behalf of his class of workmen. Not what is best for me, but what is best for society? is the question which every patriotic voter earnestly tries to answer. For in any sound government the welfare of the individual is wrapped up in the welfare of the community, and there is no more effective way to utterly overthrow government than to debauch the ballot to selfish aims. Yet one is compelled by the force of indisputable facts to acknowledge that the American voter is, to a great extent, filled with the false conceit of his private right to the ballot and almost wholly disregards the large affairs of society in the exercise of his voting power. So as long as this may be said of any large proportion of voters, so long will it constitute one of our most serious perils.

TOO LARGELY A PUNITIVE VOTE.

The second charge which there are evidences to warrant is akin to the first, being only an intenser form of the first. The American vote is too largely a punitive vote. In human nature there is no vice that more completely unfits one for social duty than the vice of revenge. It is a spirit that never relents, but pursues its victim with increasing malice and in its blindness

strikes with every instrument of injury within its reach. So the motive behind a vote may not be public welfare, but personal vengeance; it may not be so much to correct an evil as it is to punish a real or an imaginary opponent. Of this kind of voting there are numerous illustrations.

President Roosevelt dismissed a company of negro soldiers from the national army because in a drunken debauch they shot up an offending town which they had been set to guard. The conduct of the President was laudable; but a certain class of leaders among the negroes, inspired by both Senator Foraker and Senator Tillman, swore vengeance against him, and the motive behind their vote is a vicious determination to punish him for his procedure. Mr. Gompers, who resents the rulings of the courts in matters which affect labor unions, seeks to even his score by influencing labor unions to cast a punitive vote. The gambling classes of New York have armed themselves with the ballot and are seeking the overthrow of Governor Hughes. It is the punitive spirit in the American voter that makes New England still unwilling to vote for a Southern candidate.

This vicious spirit of revenge as a motive behind the ballot is worked by many political

leaders with reckless energy. Some single enterprise is marked for slaughter and the cry against it is kept up until the mass of the voters hurl their ballots against it like a thousand battering-rams. A while ago it was the Southern Railway and the standard of one's patriotism was his ill will toward this corporation. Even the radical hatred of the Southern Railway was called by the virtuous term "progressive legislation." Perhaps this railroad needed regulation, but it did not require any large degree of intelligence to see that the aim of this radical spirit was not the correction of wrongs, but the punishment of a corporation.

Another illustration of this punitive spirit may be seen in greed to put the leader of some corporation in the penitentiary. A political speaker works his audience into a furor of hatred against some person whom he has paramounded, and forthwith promises, if elected, to put this object of spite in a criminal's cell. It may be that the person deserves punishment, even the severe punishment promised him; but it is the sole function of the court to decide this matter, and never the prerogative of an officeseeker on the public hustings. Trying men on the stump and rendering verdicts against them is a mean

type of mobocracy. And I do not hesitate to say that I shall never commit the sin against society of casting a vote for a candidate who is so bloodthirsty, for either he will do as he says, or he is only making threats to gratify a vengeance which he has created. In either case he is an unworthy man for public office.

Embedded in the punitive vote is the violence of the mob. Men who vote in order to punish some class of citizens or some individual citizen will soon come to think that the main object of law is punishment, and feeling themselves competent of performing the office more readily and far more satisfactorily they will do what seems best to them. Mad voters will never make sane citizens, and administrations born out of malice will never advance social welfare.

LARGELY A PARTY VOTE.

Our American vote is most largely a party vote. The necessity of political parties in some form or other must be admitted. The dream of Washington expressed in his farewell address to Congress in which he deplored the thought of parties springing up in the nation must be regarded as an over-confidence in human nature. When Napoleon became consul of France he at

once announced, "We will have no political parties; no Jacobins, no Girondists; we will all be Frenchmen." But he assumed upon more patriotism than was in the character of his people. In themselves parties are not only necessary, but they are not essential evils, though they are most potential evils.

Parties become evils when they presume to be the whole government and their ascendancy is put before the nation's duty and prosperity. Nor can it be denied that this is the inevitable trend of all dominant or nearly dominant parties. To preserve their organization and to keep themselves in power party leaders set no limits to their methods and halt to do nothing which they deem important for their purposes. In the end they become the worst of despots. Even Thomas Jefferson, the founder of a party, saw the danger and said that we had accomplished but little in behalf of freedom if we displaced religious tyranny and developed party despotism. That the spirit of such a despotism is abroad in this land of presumable freedom of thought is no secret. Its voice is heard from one end of the country to the other, while the instruments of torture in the forms of threats, abuse, villification, boycott, and hundreds of others are ap-

plied to force allegiance to party authority and party interests. Minister Bryce says: "In America the government goes for less than in Europe. The parties count for more. The great moving force in America is parties." With this criticism of our political life and character every fair-minded American must largely agree. When the single vote for a candidate of a different party twenty-five years later is made the chief reason why a citizen who has in all other instances been "regular" should not enjoy the confidence of the dominant party, we have an example of the tyranny of partyism and the injustice of the blind assumptions of political power.

BOSSISM A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.

Bossism is the natural fruitage of extreme party power, and when any party reaches that extreme stage of arrogance the only protection sincere and patriotic citizens have against all sorts of graft and impudence is to organize themselves into another party. And assuredly any party has served its day of usefulness when it comes to think itself the whole government, even the one thing for which government must be run. The sentiment that to the victor be-

longs the spoils, though originated by a Southerner, is the voice of extreme and dangerous partyism. It regards political contentions as war and the emoluments of office as common booty to be divided as pagan armies divided spoils.

WELFARE OF COUNTRY BEFORE LOYALTY TO PARTY.

One must act with a party. He may be loyal to his party. But his faith and his loyalty to party should always be held in obedience to the welfare of country. His party should be an agency for good government, never the government an agency for the perpetuity of his party. Nor should it be regarded just grounds for suspicion when a citizen acts with different parties. It is far more important for America to have a free citizenship than for it to have a population of invincible partisans. There may be no objection to a solid New England and a solid South provided the principle of unity is found in the free exercise of individual reason, but upon mere traditional sentiments solidity is no credit to either section. I make no apologies for a solid South unless that unity rest upon some other basis than rational thought and moral freedom.

Yet I frankly assert that the spirit of partisanship that permeates our American vote adds nothing to our patriotic honor and our hopeful outlook.

It is too often charged to be without some basis of fact that there is a class of American voters who are purchasable. I hesitate to think this true. Yet in the present campaign it has been more than intimated by speakers. If it be true, the greater shame belongs to the treasonable crowds who offer in the market for a price the sacred right and the solemn duty of the ballot. And yet I do not know that selling a vote is any more shameful and vicious than casting a vote under the compulsions of some threat. Both venality and cowardice are vices which should disqualify a man to have any part in selecting the rulers of the nation.

THE IDEAL VOTER.

But what constitutes the ideal American voter? First of all he is a man who will vote. There are millions of citizens who have the legal right to vote, but who do not perform this public duty. It matters not what excuse they may set up in defense of their indifference, nothing can excuse it. Least of all can one be tolerated who

dreads to vote his own judgment, and rather than risk criticism does not vote.

The ideal American voter should be an individual voter. While his right to vote is not a private right, yet it is a social right which he must exercise in his individual capacity. If he acts in the mass, then his vote represents nothing more than the purposes of the leading spirit of the crowd, and it was never intended by the founders of this republic that by any method the individual citizen should farm out his rights and duties of citizenship. The only bond of unity of action is the oneness of truth and right and the individual conviction of their claims.

The ideal American vote must be an intelligent vote. The experiment of placing the ballot in the hands of the illiterate has proven in every section of the nation to be a hopeless failure. The framers of the constitution anticipated such a result, and if the spirit of democracy had not undertaken to improve on their mysterious wisdom, some of the sorest blunders would have been avoided. But now at length we are forced to undo our blunders in an attempt to get the ballot out of the hands of the illiterate. It cannot be assumed that such a high and responsible office as that of suffrage can be rightly performed

without intelligent thought. Yet in this period of world tasks and relations, it requires an order of intelligence to decide the best policy, which is far beyond a mere ability to read. There are the most sacred reasons why those who go before the people to instruct them in political economy should themselves know the science, and, knowing it, should be incapable of taking advantage of popular ignorance—for our American vote is too often cast in the dark. It is cast upon misinformation. Of a misinformed public we had notable example in the intense belief in the free coinage of silver. It should never be forgotten that to be misinformed is far more disgraceful and dangerous than it is to be totally uninformed.

AMERICAN VOTE SHOULD BE MORAL.

In the last place, but for every reason the most important, I say that the American vote should be a moral vote. No man should hush his conscience at the ballot box. For there the one question of righteousness should be supreme. It should never be a choice between two evils, it should never be a partial obedience to conscience, but to the last degree what is right should control the voter's conduct. Nor should that flimsy heresy of morals which seeks to justify the

means by the end have place in the thought of a patriotic American at the place of voting. We must remember that we can never get more morality into the administration of law than there is at the ballot box. For the judge who was put on the bench by foul methods of the voter, the legislator who was elected by fraud, and the executive who knows himself to be the beneficiary of political vice, cannot be equipped with that moral sense necessary to the performance of their tasks. In morality our American vote is shamefully low, and to the degree that it lacks in morality to that degree it is unworthy of trust.

I have tried to show some of the weaknesses as well as indicate some of the ideal qualities of the American vote. If one is to judge the level of the intelligence and morality of the voter by the so-called arguments of political speakers and writers in a campaign, there is certainly no reason to feel proud of the American people, or to feel assured that they are capable of sustaining the very high order of civilization. During the present campaign, I have read more speeches than I ever read during a political campaign, and with the exception of a half dozen speakers in the nation, the utterances have been upon a

very low level. It is not unkind criticism to say that the speeches have been nothing more than the exploitations of puny puerilities, lacking in dignity of form, in sincerity of spirit, in soundness of reason, and in patriotic fidelity. If, as I said, the American voter is to be estimated by the standard which the political speaker applies to him, he is not a very commendable person. But frankness requires me to admit, though I do it with pain, that Americans are at their lowest moral, mental, and patriotic point when they work at politics. In private and industrial morals and intelligence the American citizen is infinitely above the level of his political thought and conduct. He will do and will palliate things in politics which he would never dream of doing as a private citizen. So of all the reforms which we need in this nation there is none more pressing than a reform in the morals of American politics. Political parties are making a specialty of reforming the moral standards of business and industry, but I can but feel that the morality of American business is far in advance of the morality of American politics. The times seem to call for an uprising in political affairs of the moral and intelligent classes of the nation, and the raising of the standards of political conduct so high that there

will be no grounds for the scandals which parties allege against each other. For if one-tenth of what is charged by them against each other be true, politicians are in no condition to undertake the moral improvement of American industry.

COTTON AND CHARACTER.

AFTER an absence of several days, I find myself little disposed to begin the round of college tasks. Rapid adjustment is a rare art, and I sympathize with the student who finds it difficult to study after weeks of vacation.

I have spent some time with farmers, cotton farmers, and have heard much of the distress that comes with four and five cent cotton. Men are asking: "Can farmers be honest with cotton at four cents? Can merchants expect them to pay debts under these conditions? May we entertain the hope of increasing our wealth? How can we educate our boys and girls with cotton at four cents?" These are serious problems, and the future of many boys is in a crisis.

The question of prices enters into our lives from all points. The first bale of cotton I saw sold brought more than twenty-four cents a pound. The last bale I helped to produce sold for eleven cents a pound. I saw my father refuse to sell cotton for thirteen cents a pound, saying that he could not raise it at that price; but recently I heard a farmer wishing that cotton would reach eight and ten cents. Much that one hears now was said when cotton was worth

fifteen cents a pound. Then there was much complaint, and farmers talked of quitting the cultivation of cotton. They were serious then as they are serious now, but habit in industrial is as strange as it is in personal tastes.

Men have a genius for finding causes, though they show a stupidity in finding the cause. Long since the "middle man" was charged with economical disasters. Many efforts have been made to dispose of him in the economic organization. In the division of wealth he was not deemed to have a just claim, and what went to him was regarded as a loss to the producer. Jealousy in the division of products is not a modern trait. You have not come on new things in these latter times. The world holds its identity with marked fidelity. In many ways it is the same world in which Julius Cæsar lived.

One thing you may learn early in life. It will save you much foolish thinking and worthless doing. It is a rare thing that prices are artificial; and when they are, it is for a very short period. Laws control markets as well as planets, and violations of economic laws are as surely fatal as the violations of physical laws. You cannot change prices by an extraordinary session of

Congress. They are not subject to our, "Be it enacted." When the production is twelve million bales and the consumption is ten million bales, the value of the two million bales surplus must appear somewhere in the balance. So it does, and the price goes down to the point of balance. How vast and exacting is this law of equalization! It would give me pleasure this morning to raise the price of every pound of cotton, but no man can do so.

It is easy to observe that men realize that they must adjust expenditures to the limits of the cotton market. It is a new and trying lesson they are striving to learn. It calls for moral strength. Desires must be put within the limits of the low price of cotton. Some dreadful denials must be uttered. Less of rich dressing, less of ease, less of travel, and less of comfort can be had. The worst is that some boy will be taken from school, and some preacher will go unpaid, for some men find economy easiest at these points. Ignorance is the worst extravagance, and the fact that God can live without human aid is no reason that the preacher has a like ability.

Many of you, young gentlemen, are from the cotton belt, the belt of trial and distress. Let-

ters from your homes doubtless tell you much that is gloomy. These things unfit you for study. They make a division in your sympathies. Be patient with the gloomy spirits of your parents. They are exerting themselves to escape a calamity, at least to save you from one. You can and should assist them. You may give a partial answer to the question of the cynic, "What is an education worth?" Show that it gives a man the power of self-restraint. Put your expenditures in harmonious companionship with the purse at home. Let your dress, your social obligations, your entertainment, and your amusements take the ranking of four-cent cotton. If an uneducated man must do this, you surely can do it. Education must give an ability to do common things with uncommon facility, as well as to do uncommon things with notable ease. Show something of this genius. You should cheapen everything except your conscience. There is no call for this sort of retrenchment. Cheap cotton does not demand a cheap sense of duty, of honesty, of honor, of purity, of justness, of gratitude, of charity, of faith, and of hope; the call is just the contrary. A cheaper quality of goods may clothe a dearer type of conscience.

If you get gloomy letters from home, it is incumbent on you to send inspiring ones to your home. A boy can write home: "I know there is a strain on the household. The little plantation that has served us so well in the past has done its best this year, but it could not control the prices of its products. There are accounts to be paid, and the honesty of the home is at stake. All these I know and for them I am arranging. The dollars that come now have a hallowed meaning to me. I shall regard them with sacred care. Only the sternest necessity shall cause me to make an expenditure. Be cheerful at home. The sun has not gone out, the showers will come as before, the little plantation will nurse the seed, and faith will have its day." That letter will not pay a bill, but it will do that which is better: it will make a heart brave and give vigor to faith, and as college men you owe it to men to make life brighter. Education makes your faces brighter. Knowledge has in it a transfiguring power, and a shining face kindles fires of a heavenly kind. He who is an apostle of hope to man is the bringer of new and better times. Are not all of you preparing for such a ministry? Be strong, young men, and get strength out of what appears to be defeat.

GOVERNMENT AND THE NEGRO.

I WANT to allude this morning to the present heated political campaign. It is one great fortune of the American people that they can so soon recover from extreme excitement. Otherwise I should think one American campaign would be enough to ruin us. Nevertheless we are a people who can be excited, and I am afraid we develop in ourselves sometimes too much of a partisan spirit, and are not apt to look at things in the broad light of truth and right. This is as true of one political party as of another. The better class of American citizens ought to have the one sole object of good government. That purpose ought to lie behind every political idea you have, every vote you cast, and all the influence you exercise. It ought not to be a question with a man whether his party is successful, it ought not to be a question with a man as to which party he may join and labor for, but the supreme question should be good government. Good government is after all a question of good men, rather than of political parties. I think that is a question that is

before this State to-day. I do not now intend to arraign any party or any official, but to say the least, the large part of this State feels that it must have an improvement in its government. Not only does this cry come from the professional politician, but it comes from the quiet laboring man, the honest, unoffensive middle class, and from innocent, helpless women. Our homes want quietude, our women want protection on the streets, not only from robbers, but from insolent men. We want our children to go to and from school in perfect safety without being insulted or endangered.

Of course this involves the negro. The great question with you, young gentlemen, is "What shall we do with the negro?" You did not put him here, you had nothing to do with him as a slave and with making him free. He is here; what shall we do with him? No one can deny that a Providence, in his mysterious working, has brought about this state of affairs, putting two distinct people in one section of country. No one can deny that such an experiment has failed in all the past. Now whether there will be enough of strength in our society and in our Christian civilization to work this most difficult problem for the first time in the world's history,

remains to be seen. But however it is to be worked out, the negro is not to reach this great end through holding office. You are not to solve his problem by elevating him to places of authority. There is one thing in which Americans have made a great mistake and that is in their interpretation of freedom. It is more than the stroke of a pen in an article in a constitution, more than the roar of cannon or the stroke of saber. To say that every man is born free and equal is to say what is not true, never was true, and never will be true. So long as God deals out to one man five talents and to another man one talent it will never be true. Freedom is not what government says. There is a law which God has fixed, which is deeper than what man has made. No man has a right to rule who has not a fitness to rule, and no man has a right to seek an office who is not fit to fill the office. That excludes a great many white people. I have no right under the high heavens to be president of the United States, though every man should give me his vote. I am not fitted for it. And the negro is not yet fitted to govern a class of people superior to him in natural intellect, and superior to him in culture, education, and refinement. I would not do one thing to

impede the negro in working out his problem. I have more than the ordinary sympathy with the negro, and I am glad to lend my hand to uplift that race of people and bring them to whatever they can attain, but I am not yet ready to dignify them to the place of trying to control and manage this government. We must come to these questions calmly but manly, not passionately, with a mere prejudice that wishes to wipe this unfortunate race from existence, and the best thing we can do for them is to put them under a high-toned government that will furnish to them the opportunity of working out their mission as well as protecting our own interest.

Now I am not making a political speech this morning. I am talking quietly to a body of young men to whom I have a right to talk. I am talking on a delicate question. I trust you young men will be able to look this question squarely and honestly in the face; and remember that a man from Ashe County owes a duty to a man from Currituck County, and that if there is bad government at one point in North Carolina it must be felt at every other point in the commonwealth. While I make my plea for this good government, young gentlemen, it is no

matter of concern to me whether it comes through Republican or Populist, Democrat or Mugwump administration. We want good government where the best class rule and where the intelligence and culture and strength of this State are in authority.

I say frankly to you this morning, I belong to no political party. I exercise that much of freedom. I go as a quarry-slave under no political lash. I am now and forever and eternally, on earth, and will be in heaven, for good government, and a good government means a quiet government, an orderly government, in which every man can work out his own destiny without objections from other men. Now with this little exhortation I close: while you may work hard to put the negro out of office, and while I think he is incompetent to govern, do not let those prejudices go so far that you would work the negro out of a good character, an honest living, his rights, and out of an opportunity to come to all that God may wish him to be.

WELCOME TO DEWEY.

NATIONS have their glory in the history of individuals. Israel reached its summit in David, Pericles gave glory to the political history of the Greeks, Julius Cæsar made Rome, and so through all the history of the nations of the world we find no such thing as democratic glory, but individual honor. So, as we view it, Dewey has given to this nation a great name among the nations of the earth, and we all share in the great honor which he has brought to our people. A man of high integrity, unflinching courage, of wise leadership, and of uncompromising character, we welcome him home to-day with all gladness of heart, and bestow upon him all honors, for he deserves them; and I hope that to-day in our feelings we will give him a hearty welcome back to his native land.

LOYALTY TO PUBLIC OFFICERS.

IT is evident from the reports in the morning papers that the election on yesterday gave a majority for the candidates of the Democratic party. I shall not make you a political speech; but since the responsibilities of our State government have passed into the hands of another party, it may be well to remind you as voters of some responsibilities you owe these new officers. The voter finds it too easy to relieve his conscience by casting his vote. By this method we are developing a facility in producing inferior officeholders. Generally the party which suffers defeat on the day of election sets itself to make the administration of the successful candidates a notable failure. The papers have charged many failures and shortcomings to Governor Russell, and, without attempting to deny or affirm the truthfulness of these accusations, it is permissible to say that no man could attain large success with the little support many have given him. No man should be asked to make a good governor in spite of the voters of a State. A continuous effort to excite the worse feelings

in a chief magistrate in order to assure his poorest work is neither patriotic nor politic. That man may complain at failures who has exercised conscientious diligence to produce successes. Till then he has no just grounds of complaint.

A new set of men have been sent, by the election on yesterday, to the legislature, as well as placed in many minor offices. These men have a just claim on your loyalty, and it is your duty, a duty involved in the conditions of your citizenship, to aid them to success. You must be ready to forgive blunders, to commend successes, and correct errors. This is your debt, and it is hoped that you will pay it. I commend these thoughts to your quiet consideration, and insist that college men should exemplify the noblest order of citizenship.

EXAMINATIONS.

YOUNG men, your mid-year examinations begin to-day. I frankly confess you have my sympathies. I have never been able to find any rational grounds for examinations. It is a college tradition, and traditions are harder to change in colleges than in any other community I know. We think ourselves progressive, but we are not. No set of men hold on to old things with stronger grip than college men hold on to them. Every professor knows now who should be advanced. He has watched his students, he knows their ability, and can tell about what they will do on an examination. There are some who will do nothing because they have done so little during the term. These should be made to stand an examination. But I see no reason why a faithful student should be punished to get even with an indolent student. However, these are my views and they accomplish nothing. The simple fact is before you—you must stand your mid-year examinations. Chiefly I wish to warn you. It is an extraordinary period. The student is on the hard side of the examination. It will try your strength of body, mind, and con-

science. You may have temptations to do the unfair, the untruthful thing. Against this I earnestly warn you. If you have done your best every day, there will be no disgrace if you do not pass your examinations. It may be a sore disappointment to you, but not a disgrace. A man who has not worked during the term but now crams himself for this ordeal is disgraced if he passes. Passing an examination cannot blot the shame of days and weeks of indolence. But what I wish to impress on your minds at this moment is the necessity of watchfulness lest you do something that will shame you all your days. You may fail on your studies, but do not break down in your character. Send home your report saying, "It is a disappointing report in some respects. I failed on Greek and Latin and English and mathematics, but I made a hundred in truth and honor." It is always better to make an honorable failure than to make dishonorable success. Do your best and that will be for you the best.

A MONDAY MORNING THOUGHT.

YESTERDAY was a great day. It was the Sabbath, a fact in itself that made it a distinct day in our thoughts and feelings. There is something sacred in the Sabbath to one whose mind has not lost the power of response to the hallowed. But besides being the Sabbath, it was a day of rarest brightness. The sun came out of the east and filled the hills, the forests, the fields, and all the world with mellow light. The sky was never bluer above any land than it was on yesterday above this Southland. The winds had gone away, and the hush of peace was on everything. Men went about breathing the air of a blessed day.

Such a day should quicken the beat of hope and life in us. Yesterday has gone into the world's destiny. It warmed the trees, drove the chill from the ground, laid up heat for the seed, and added millions to the world's worth. Who can estimate the value of such a day? Put the sunshine of such a day—the peace, rest, and good cheer of it—into a man's life, and who can tell the change of his nature wrought by it? Too

many men never saw the beauty, the real beauty of yesterday, yet He who makes all days continues to give them to the world, working and waiting patiently to transform all men into that which is nobler and diviner. Surely, young men, this college community is full of the best emotions this morning, and with the power and glory of yesterday in our spirits we begin this day with loftier thoughts and truer aims.

A CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

I VERY frequently get letters that run somewhat this way:

Dear Sir: I want to go to college. I cannot go long. I haven't much money, but I feel that I have been called to the ministry, and I want to do the work of the Lord and preach the gospel, and I want to come to college a few months, and take, not a regular course, but just such things as will be helpful to me. I hope you will point out what you can do for me.

Such letters always come from men who expect to go into the ministry. Now that is solemnly true. Somehow or other the notion is getting abroad that fools are competent to preach the gospel, and that the Lord doesn't need any other sort. I believe the Lord is both too wise and honest to lay his hand on careless men to preach the everlasting gospel. Now I want to put it this way to you. Suppose a man should write to me and say: "I want to come to college. I want to make a professor in English. I haven't long to stay. Would like to have a place in Trinity College when I am through. Would like to spend about a year in college, and get ready to teach. Hope you will give me a job when I am

done." What would you think of that? And yet, my young friend, when that man goes to teach English it is simply his purpose to interpret the thoughts of men to men. And before any man undertook that job, he would ransack Greek, Latin, French, German. He must touch at every point. It is an endless job, getting ready to interpret the thoughts of men to other men. And yet a man would expect in a few months to prepare himself in an easy way to interpret the deep thoughts of God to the old world.

God never called a man to preach the gospel whom he did not first call to be a man, and he calls no man to preach whom he does not first call to get ready. I have so frequently talked with and heard men say, "Well, that's all right; he is going into the ministry." There is too much talk to-day and too much writing about the ministry having lost its hold upon the masses. If it lost its hold upon the masses, it lost it first upon the aristocrats. It is better to stir you up now than to have you aroused when it is too late. There is no young man for whom I have a higher regard than that young man who, under sense of duty, feels that God has called him to the ministry, and who enters college and battles

with all kinds of difficulties and prepares himself like a man, begs no quarters, shirks no duty, but finishes his work and goes out then to preach the gospel. That is the hero. I have met with scores and scores of them. I have met with too many of the other kind, and hope this student body will fix a sentiment in this institution, that if a man comes here called to preach the gospel, and yet is not willing to get ready, he will find that he has no divine call to go to Trinity College. If he gets a divine call to go to Trinity College, let him understand that it is to study hard and get ready.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

I FOUND in my mail this morning a letter from an anxious, and I may say distressed, father of a student in Trinity. Behind the letter stands a loving and suffering heart. Here are the painful words: "I understand my boy has learned to play cards." The father who wrote those words begs me to use every effort to save his son from card-playing. This son may find fun in this new acquisition; the father does not. Is there any reason why this son should regard his father's wishes in this matter? A boy who can deliberately give pain to a father is already far gone in vice. It requires a high order of sin to dishonor parents. My father dreads me as a card player; he shall have no cause for fear; I will quit. That is the logic of a noble virtue.

There is another phase to the expression, "My boy has learned to play cards." Who taught him? Was it one of his professors? Was it a hard-working classmate? Was it not some idler with whom he has been going? John Bunyan said of himself, "I was a breeder of sin." Think of such a man. He hatched iniqui-

ty. Has Trinity a breeder of profanity, impurity, card-playing, and idlers? If so, who is he? Search him out. What a record for a man to make during his college years! Hear him relate it in his old age: "While I was in college I spent money, did no good, got no good. I thought no noble thoughts; felt no high inspiration; hurt many men, and some I ruined for life." An old man dying in the atmosphere of such memories! Who will aid in getting this son to quit card-playing?

FIGHTING GOD.

LISTEN to me for one moment, young gentlemen. The worst thing that any man can do is to try to fight down the good that is struggling to come into him, a man warring against God in his own heart. Some young man has been profane. There is no higher sin than that. There is a great purpose struggling to come into his heart to stop him, to make him right and make him pure, and he enters into a warfare with that impulse and fights and fights and fights till he fights it away from him. Some young fellow has been unfortunate and has built up a taste for drink and here comes this impulse for sobriety and purity and he fights it and fights it until he puts his iron-clad heel on it and crushes the very life out of it. Here is another whose life is pure. There comes an evil impulse struggling into his life for admission. He enters warfare upon that evil impulse until he stifles it, and comes to wake up to the fact that he has made a conquest, and has conquered all that God wanted him to. These things are done.

Beware, my young friend, how you tamper

and trifle with that divine impulse that is trying to struggle into your heart and life. When this meeting began, I made up my mind that for two or three young men I would make special prayer. I have prayed for them by name. I have seen one or two of those young men fight God every step of the way, and they have driven away from them many of these impulses. My young friend, when will they come back again? When will you have a chance to fight that battle over again?

God can be conquered, even though he is omnipotent and infinite in love. Many a man has conquered him. I beg you, young man, if to-day you find a single impulse in your heart to be a better man, a truer man, give yourself to God, fling open the windows, run up the white flag, march out victorious, ask God to come in, let everything good come in, and let God have his way. That man who is conquered by God is the only free man. Now I leave you to-day with these thoughts. I wish I could send you out of this chapel with this thought in your mind: Can I afford to carry on this unholy warfare one day longer? Shall I persist until I have made God Almighty sheath his sword and stack arms at my feet, and acknowledge me conquerer?

Then when you have won that victory, what have you? You have captured a desert waste, a corner of hell. You have gone into an alliance with the devil, and your conquest has come at the cost of everything that is noble and pure and upright.

ON ENTERING COLLEGE.

I AM sure that you welcome with me a number of new men into the faculty this year—all, I believe, the sons of Trinity. It is a great thing when a mother can raise a boy to take care of her, and I think we have about reached that point. A number of Trinity men have returned either as Adjuncts or as Fellows.

It is a matter always of very serious concern to a man who undertakes to change a community and to change his surroundings. There is vastly more in it than the packing of trunks, buying a railroad ticket, renting a room, and unpacking a trunk. The impulses, the ideas, all that goes to make up the man, must undergo a greater change than any geographical change, and every element of the man must pass through terrible strain in the readjustment of itself in the fitting in of these things to new surroundings. And especially is that very trying to young men. It is no easy matter to move. I know from very sad and trying experience what it means. I was very much interested in reading this summer a story of Kipling's, "The Ship That Found Her-

self"; how, after she was loaded and started on her trip of commerce, under changing circumstances, the weight and burden were thrown from one part to another, so that every part, from stern to bow, at some one time was made to bear the whole strain of the great cargo, and how each part would cry out underneath its weight. I thought how hard it is for men to find themselves in a community. There come times when the whole weight of the community is hurled upon that one man, and he must stand the strain, and the very endurance of the community depends upon his ability to stand this strain for twenty-four hours. I could not help but think how hard it is for some young men in college to find themselves. The next week, young man, will be a finding time. The whole community will put you to a test before seven days have passed by, and the whole weight of the life of this college community will fall upon you; and if you are not equal to it, you do not suffer, but the community suffers. I beg each one of you, go to your places and fill them, and let it be understood when it comes your turn to bear it up you are equal to it. Now we welcome the old men, of course. We welcome the new men into this palmy, balmy, and—I wish I were

a poet, I would say—miscellaneous, promiscuous, multitudinous weather in September. We welcome you to a year of hard, serious work. You have the best advantages of any men who have ever entered Trinity College. You stand flat-footed and look farther than your fathers could see by climbing to the summit and tiptoeing. Our good friend who brings his son to college ought to understand that his son has vast opportunities beyond him when he was at Trinity.

There is a responsibility upon the young man who enters college this year which never rested upon a Trinity student before. So I say I am glad to welcome you to where your fathers never stood, and the height on which you stand to-day is the one to which they looked and in their wild delirium dreamed. It rests with you whether you will be man enough to use it as faithfully as your fathers used the small equipment at their disposal.

I commit you to the tender mercies of the unmerciful men in the faculty.

THE FAMILY ON TRIAL.

WHEN a young man enters college he brings all the family with him—father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Even more than these he brings along the neighborhood. In a very real sense they all come to college with the student. He is their representative. Through him the college community will get some kind of view of them. There is no escape from this. What kind of home was this man reared in? Is it a home of fine manners, sound morals, and sincere religion? He will tell the household story within a few weeks. It will all be out. If he is pure in speech, elegant in manners, fair in dealings, steady in work, and reverent in spirit, all will note these virtues and know that he belongs to the highest social order—I mean highest in the true sense. Lack of financial means may be obvious in the kinds of clothes he wears, but these do not count. Scoundrels may be robed in broadcloth while saints may be clad in homespun. What is the man in himself, not how much has he in his trunk and what did it all cost? But regardless of his raiment, if he is vulgar in words, sneering in countenance, coarse in conduct, full of the jokes

of the blackguard, a loafer, unfair, and mean, his home will be charged with the blame. This may be unjust; it is inevitable. Every man's mother is on trial in his college career, and what shall be the verdict? This may be a brutal thought, but, young man, when you entered college you entered on the brutal part of life's journey. You think your mother as good as the mother of any man, and she may be; but we are strangers and we are waiting for you to introduce her to us. We will consider her innocent until your conduct proves her guilty. It is your charge, your first dreadful charge, and woe to you if you do not keep it! You cannot expect strangers to think more highly of your mother than you think. You are trustee of the most sacred thing in life, and it will be well if at the end you can make a faithful and truly balanced account of your stewardship. Keep the good name of the home without spot, tell a good story for your father and mother and brothers and children and neighbors, and you will have a base line for all future battles.

CONDUCT IN COLLEGE.

WHAT is your duty to a stranger in your community? Were I to go into your home or into your community, and receive at your hands any discourtesy, in my feelings and thoughts I should hold you responsible till the last day. And I have this to say, that if I were a young man entering college, it would be only after the most fearful defeat that I would suffer discourtesy at the hands of any man. If he had not been taught how to treat a gentleman before he entered college, I would teach him, if it were at the expense of my muscular cell; and certainly I will never, and would never, hold a young man responsible for protecting his dignity and his proper rights in his room or elsewhere, in any college with which I have connection. Now I wanted to say that and I want it distinctly understood that I mean every word of it.

One other point: there are young men who have rented rooms in these buildings. They have rented them for a year and these men expect to have the opportunity to study. They are busy men and must have the opportunity to prepare themselves for these men of the

faculty; and if there is a man who cannot give a fellow student an opportunity to study, but must destroy that opportunity by making noise in the halls, report him to me and I will see that he gets a room elsewhere at once. So now if you are cheated out of your opportunity to study you are personally responsible for it. I will not rent a room in any building to a young man who proposes to become a nuisance to the community. Now I want that announcement clearly understood from the beginning, and I think you old students know me quite well enough to know that I am not making a trifling threat. I do not want to threaten anyone, but simply to start out in a business way from the beginning. I trust the old students will lose no opportunity to make the new men feel at home, and help them to take up their work with pleasure.

Before we meet again the Sabbath will have passed by. You new men are expected to attend church and Sunday school. Go on the Sabbath morning and find your place in church, whichever one you feel will be most profitable for you to attend, and let the congregation feel that you are a part of it for your college course. Young gentlemen, it is very hard to impress

this truth upon young minds, that no man ever breaks down intellectually, that the failures of life are not mental failures, they are moral failures, and the man who has no moral impulse to drive intellectual forces has no intellectual forces, so far as practical things are concerned; and during your whole college course, the one thing about which you should be jealous is your character—its value to you and its force in the community. How many young men have written to me for recommendations, and I have had to pause and drop my pen just where the community wanted me to speak. Let that be understood, and let every old student on Sunday morning appoint himself a committee to accompany a new student to church; find out if he has anyone to go with him, take him to church, give him a place in your pew, and let the first Sabbath of these young men spent in college be one the impressions of which shall abide all the way through. You will find Sunday a rather trying day, the first one in college, and you will have opportunity on that day to let your minds go back home. The first Sunday might be named blue Sunday. The Y. M. C. A. will hold their meeting Sunday afternoon and will be delighted to have every student present.

Let me warn you—and I am sure you will be patient about this—don't hurriedly pick out your companions. Wait. You can afford to wait six months and go six months without a bosom companion, rather than run the risk of putting a man there who will ruin you. You must be courteous to men without being their bosom companions; and if you find out that you are about to introduce into the inner circle of your life a man whose character and mouth are unclean, quarantine yourself against a man of that kind.

Do not hesitate to come to see me on any matter of interest to you. That is my duty in your trials and temptations. You will find me in my office. If you will come there, I will be glad to talk with you, and then I will be glad to have you visit me at any time.

THE DREYFUS CASE.

YOU will have much interest in, and doubtless be indignant at, the verdict which the military authority of France has rendered against Dreyfus. It is something to live in a world, young gentlemen, when every man is tried before all the nations of the earth. Fifty years ago it would have been no matter of concern to us what France did. But so rapid and far-reaching have been the movements of civilization, till nations hold each other responsible, as do individuals of the same nation, and the world is rightly indignant. Roman Catholicism made Voltaire and Rousseau, and Rousseau and Voltaire made the verdict of Dreyfus; and poor old France to-day stands alone, without a friend among the nations of the earth, and rightly deserves the contempt and condemnation of all civilized and uncivilized people; and unless as a nation she can right her iniquity, and relearn the lessons of justice and integrity and bring herself forward, she will yet reap the full results of revolution. No nation with as little foundation of truth and of righteousness, so swept with sen-

suality, so penned up by bayonets and so held together by swords, can exist. And as young Americans, looking at the condition as it is in France, and the consequences which have come to her, you ought to prepare yourself to become a citizen of personal integrity. You will contribute to your nation just the amount of justice and honor and true manhood that you build up for yourself.

ON BEING INFLUENCED.

I AM frequently told by a parent that his son has the weakness of being easily influenced. In the majority of such cases I have found that the son had large capacity to respond to evil influences, but a small capacity to respond to good influences. This is one of the dreary features of human nature. It is easy to follow what is wrong; and whatever we may think about the doctrine of innate evil, we all know from both experience and observation that the voice of evil seems louder and stronger than the voice of good. We do not naturally resist that which is wrong. Such resistance is a quality which we must cultivate, and it is not easy to cultivate it. We do not enjoy a battle with ourselves. But whether we enjoy it or do not enjoy it, we must develop that high power to resist evil and follow that which is good. We should be easily influenced for the right and hard to lead into the wrong. The young man who has a taste for the companionship of clean, pure, and working men and a distaste for idle and coarse men has that something in him which is the fortress of right-

eousness. Learn to hate wrong tendencies and to love good tendencies; avoid the companionship of wicked men and seek the companionship of good men.

I have made these general remarks for this special application which I introduce as a new regulation. Hitherto a good excuse has been accepted for failures, especially failures to attend classes. But no sort of excuse for work not done can remove the loss. So your teachers will hereafter give you no credits for absences from classes, whatever the cause may be. This is introducing in college the regulations of the business world. The clerk cannot draw his salary unless he does the work, and a good excuse will not help his case. It will be well for you to learn these lessons in college. I have noticed some students who are too sick to attend classes in the morning, but who are strong enough to be on the athletic field in the afternoon. I have little patience with and no confidence in a man who practices such deceptions, and from this time I shall try to make it hard for the one who shirks duty.

THANKSGIVING.

TO-MORROW is Thanksgiving, the day for the recognition of divine superintendency. No man can solve our history if he leaves out the fact of divine superintendency. His aims have always been the deepest fact of history. Atheism cannot solve these problems. The God who holds the stars above holds the star under which you slumber. This world is not the creation of chance, nor the slave of fatalism. God rules.

This is a national day and I wish to call your attention to national blessings. We should be thankful for the vastness of our country and the mission it has been called to serve. This is the home of the common people. It is God's trial of them. It was their cries that opened it up. We are all common people. Georgia, the best State in the South, was colonized with criminals; some of the fair women of Virginia are the offspring of girls sold as wives for a hundred pounds of tobacco; New England was settled by the poor, and so was this State. But this is the common man's country and here he rises to greatness. We have very many social and civil problems to solve for the world. Here

the idea of a republican form of government is to be settled. As yet it is an experiment. A century cannot settle such a deep question. This is the battle ground of the coming centuries.

We can never be grateful enough for the Church. From it we get all that is best and surest in our land. There is a growing class of Church haters in this land. They lose no opportunity to sneer at the Church, and like Voltaire they seek to enthrone the politicians above the preacher, and the platform above the gospel. They would have us worship the State instead of the Son of God. The preachers of America have done more to civilize it than all the armies and sheriffs. There is not a road on all this vast continent along which the preacher has not sung, prayed, and wept. He has turned the hills into temples of worship, and made the valleys echo with the sound of the gospel trumpet. The first ray of the morning sun falls on the spire of Old Trinity, and the day dies upon the spire of a temple in San Francisco. Woe to the hand that smites the Church! Through it the nation is to get its best promises.

We should be thankful for material wealth. We complain, and men tell us that the country is bankrupt. Yet we dress better and live better

than at any other time. Our poverty is the poverty of the miser: it complains in the shadow of bursting barns. A sane, healthy pauper in America is a criminal. Millions of acres are begging men to touch them and live. The South is a great country for lazy people. It can feed more people with less work than any land on earth. It is a sin to complain amid such fields. Take your last meal from the hills and, dying, snatch from the valley the sweetest flowers to lay at the feet of God.

I want to remind you of some things we need. In the South we must outgrow sectionalism. There are men who will never leave Appomattox. We foster feelings that weigh us down. We nurse prejudices and foster local ideals. We must rise to that great height of patriotism that loves Maine as well as Carolina. We must carry in us that breadth of spirit that obliterates the Mason and Dixon line. The warmth of Southern patriotism must melt the ice of Maine and plant the flowers of Florida in the yards of the North. I am glad to feel that I could dine with the son of Grant beneath the trees under which Lee surrendered his tired veterans. This is no time to feed passion and nurse narrowness. Men must be Americans rather than Carolinians.

He whose great soul swept the nations of the earth with its love calls us to a spirit unbounded by rivers, lakes, and seas.

We need a high-toned and true journalism, not papers that dump into our homes the gossip of the land. We need papers that can treat enemies fairly, and see the right in an opponent. We have had enough of partisan and passion-provoking journalism. It is time to call these papers to repentance.

We need larger educational facilities and better free schools. We need a better type of educators. But above all, we need a faith eternally fixed in God.

A THANKSGIVING DEBATE.

I HAVE never seen anyone defeated yet that was not defeated just in the act of getting the victory. If Wake Forest had not knocked that ball through the hole in the fence, Trinity would have gained the victory. It takes decidedly more manhood to survive defeat than it does to glory in victory—a lesson very few people learn. Too many men succumb to failure. Knock them to the ground and they never rise. Now I do not count on your getting defeated. You have had quite enough time. Your Professor in Economy and Social Science has had quite enough wisdom and resource, if you have drawn on them, and I am sure I have acquainted you with quite enough eloquence to put you in good shape. If I have not, you have had your soul stirred with “In Memoriam.”

I have always been very fond of Wake Forest, and have found the Faculty very noble men, of high character. I should hate for anything to occur that would cause them to suspect you, or you them. Now, young gentlemen, I am not

afraid to risk the very large part of this student body in Raleigh. I have seen you away from home, and never had reason to blush for you; and I want the best of you, which means the most of you, to see that if there is a man in your crowd that does not walk in the Trinity way, put him in a strait-jacket. Get off at the depot like gentlemen, go to your place, and throughout conduct yourselves as gentlemen. Show that town how college students should act. Now for a man to go away to a city and expose his lungs and his barbarous nature is to bring upon him, and justly, the contempt of every decent man with whom he comes in contact. If colleges cannot dig the barbarous out of young human nature, then they had better shut up and quit. If there is a small minority for whom this is necessary, I hope you will remove all fear in this trip.

Of course your speakers have your sympathy. They will do the Ciceronian act with great glory to you. You will think that they put up the best debate whether the committee thinks that way or not. Whatever the case may be, I hope to know that you have conducted yourselves in the highest manner of true manhood.

To-morrow will be Thanksgiving. That means to-morrow will be a holiday. For as many as

can, it will be well for you to go to church. Let us remember the God who has protected us. Mr. McKinley is our President, whether we voted for him or not, and he has the responsibility of this great nation. He has declared to-morrow as Thanksgiving day. Whether cotton is as high as we would like, or whether we have as much money in our pockets as we desire, we should take to-morrow as Thanksgiving. You never saw the day when you did not have three meals, shelter over your heads, and when you did not have friends; and if the little birds of the trees can take that much from God's hand and be happy, and sing at your window-sill and about your homes, then there is enough for us to be thankful for. The darkest day for America, when thunders were turned loose, and poverty and distress reigned, there was something in it to make it bright, and for which we should thank God.

There is nothing meaner or lower than the spirit of pessimism—the man who can walk in the bright sunshine, breathe its pure air, and drink its pure water, and then complain! Young men, if there was as much brightness inside as God has put outside of your hearts, there would be song instead of groans. It is the

thankful, hopeful spirit that is the courageous spirit. Then make the best of your Thanksgiving. A college boy might get down and thank God, who has put him in Trinity College and given him the opportunities he has. O, there are a thousand things which each of you might think of on to-morrow.

THE MORNING AFTER THE VICTORY.

I WENT out into the Park last night, young gentlemen, just about the time I supposed you who were in Raleigh were getting well into the debate. The skies were perfectly clear, and they were *blue*, and the moon hung over the tower of the Duke Building, and Orion lay out toward the east, looking straight down on the Metropolitan Hall in Raleigh, just ready to clap his hands, and I said, "This is a Trinity night." It is true that Trinity cannot do much in wet weather; but if you give her a Trinity Day, then she seems to be almost all-powerful. The fact is, this has been a Trinity year, 1898. We are getting under headway. One hundred and forty-five thousand dollars has been collected for Trinity College this year. You see the work yourself, and you feel the throb of life on the campus. You have the largest number of students you have had for twenty-eight years. We have lost no victories; we have been in conflicts many, and in storms, and in bombardments, and there is not a scratch anywhere. I think of any people who should be full of enthusiasm it ought to be Trinity College people. I have had

a little debate or two myself, in which there has been a little amusement, and now you come forward and you bring out of it the cup. I knew you would do it. The fact is, young gentlemen, we occupy such a place that we dare not fail in anything here. I purchased a mule day before yesterday. He is a full-fledged freshman. When I went into the lot, and they began to bring out the mules, some of them with large ears, and eyes rather sorrow-moved, I said, "No, you must do better than that." And finally they brought out the best they had. I said, "That's a Trinity mule. I can't send a team on the streets that is not the best-looking team in town." And from buying mules and teaching freshmen, up to getting rid of seniors and manipulating Conference appointments, it must all be done in high style; and I guess our friends down at Wake Forest know how it is to whip folks according to the best style. There is this about a Baptist, though: you may beat him once, but you never conquer him; and Wake Forest will be on its feet next Thanksgiving, and daring you over that cup again. But I think you will always be ready to meet that institution, or others.

I hear very fine reports of all who went to Raleigh. That is not surprising to me. The

fact is, I almost forget to warn Trinity students about those things; and when I do warn them against anything that is not of the best style, I feel that I have almost gratuitously insulted them. I am satisfied that you have left a fine impression behind you, as to what young men should do. I had no objection to your waking me up last night, provided you do not do it to-night.

It is a high attainment to speak well. The day of oratory is not over. Men may write, men may paint, men may carve, but no man will ever exert more influence and power over an age than the man who can speak. One tongue is worth a thousand pens. One little Methodist preacher's tongue is worth more than a thousand patent newspapers; and the young man who feels the throb of the orator in him, and feels that he is endowed with those powers, and can take a great question before people, and by logic and eloquence put his thoughts into their minds and his feelings into their bosoms, has the power of incarnation, which is the highest miraculous power of the Godhead. He can do nothing higher than to make himself live in his creation. And no man can do better than to stir the fires of his own nature in the bosoms of his

own fellow men. Your college has a record in speaking. Year after year attests this statement. It has always gathered to itself the record of this State for speaking. That reputation cannot suffer in our hands. It must not, it will not. We will always turn out men who, in the pulpit, and at the bar, and in the forum, will ever be able to speak out such noble truths in a noble and powerful way as to make old Trinity live in the life of this people and to shape this State. You have my warmest congratulations, therefore, and I extend to you all this morning a sweet kiss from my lips. I would ask my friend Dr. Bassett to hand it around, but I know you would all object to it. But with all of this, young gentlemen, I feel sorry for you, as you were up late last night, and have a heavy day's work before you. I hope you will deal kindly with the professors, comfort them in their great distress and help them, for I do not believe there is a man of them who went with you yesterday who is prepared; and to relieve you I will release them. They did not give you holiday the other day. However, this morning I will give them holiday; so that you may say when you write home that the professors had holiday on Friday. We do this through sympathy for them.

CHRISTMAS AND HOME.

WITHIN a few days the majority of you will be at your homes. Other college communities throughout our wide country will close for the Christmas holidays, and thousands of young people, college students, will be scattered abroad. This means much to these young people and to the friends with whom they will be thrown for a few idle days. There is something inspiring in the bounding enthusiasm with which students greet a vacation, especially a Christmas vacation. Perhaps it was this spirit that suggested the subject about which I am asked to speak. "Home" and "The College" are very deep themes; and when they are associated one hesitates to discuss them.

May I first speak a word about Christmas? It is so near at hand. Not all days are alike. We have special days which we celebrate. Idealists tell us that we should regard every day with equal sanctity. And this may be possible for ideal people, but for ordinary men and women such as we, it seems too high, even impossible. Human feelings and faiths and hopes rise and fall. Few men are equally lovable every day.

The average man has his off days. He is not at his best under all circumstances. This may not be the right way to live, but it is the way the large majority of us do live. So it is well that we take vacations and set seasons when we deliberately determine to do our best and to be at our best. They revive us. And Christmas should be for every good reason such a period.

I trust you will, above everything else, remember why we celebrate Christmas. Late one afternoon there came along with the crowd into the village of Bethlehem a tired woman who lived in a peasant home in the insignificant village of Nazareth. She had much difficulty to find lodging. That night she became a mother, the mother of Jesus. The angels sang their praises above his infant brow. His birth fixed a new point from which to reckon the world's chronology. Friends and foes, saints and infidels pay tribute to Jesus every time they date a letter, a mortgage, a receipt, or any other document or event. The world calculates time from the birth of Jesus, a fact in itself of tremendous meaning. History by him was turned into new channels and his name means all to this earth.

It may be true that we do not observe the

exact day of His birth. About this I cannot speak, and I may say about it that I do not seriously care. I care much less about a date than I do about a fact. What has supreme worth in Christmas is the truth that Jesus came into the world, and all true hearts should unite in celebrating his presence among men by doing those things which become his mission to earth. I am not disposed to give you a program for these holidays. Each one prefers to make his own plan. I shall leave all this with you. Let me say some words to you about your homes.

I shall not deal in cheap sentimentalism. I much prefer you to take the most serious view of the nature and meaning of your homes. For them you have a strange devotion which draws you constantly toward them. But so far you have taken them for granted and never tried to get beneath outward facts and to know what are the deep, hinder forces which combine to make a home. The time has come when you should search out the souls of things and know the essence of them. To each of you home means a certain house in a city, a village, or some country community. With it are associated other houses, trees, hills, fields, and streets or roads. If you were called on to describe your homes, you would

tell something of such things. But these do not make home. It is far beneath all these outer things. It cannot be seen or touched. The great Apostle to the Gentiles when speaking of spiritual truths said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." The invisible world is the real world. Not until one gets in touch with it and comes to know it does he find true values and solid foundations. So your home, young man, is not a corner lot, a street, a house, and a certain number of folks; not even a big plantation with all its scenes and big heavens and rolling hills. There is a hidden soul, deep, sensitive, abiding, which makes it. Find that and you will know why you love home and why you should love home.

If you give thought to this phase of the subject, you will doubtless have your fathers and your mothers to come in view. And this is as it should be. Home centers around them. You must know them if you would know it. There they went one day when they were young and full of hope and joy. Through the years they have worked to build the place. There their children were born and reared, and out from there you have come to college. But did you ever think of that mystical force which brought

their two souls together in confidence and love? Here is where the home begins, and this is the hidden thing. They cannot give any account of the process. They moved along their ways without plan or thought till a moment came when they were halted by each other with strange mandates. As to the philosophy of it this is all there was in it. They were bound by the cords of love. How mysterious a thing it is! We know and can calculate the force of material things, but God has built into the world invisible forces which far exceed any force that is visible. Your home has its foundations in the love your fathers and mothers have for their sons and daughters. You must begin at that point if you would really know the soul of a home.

Your real father and your real mother are not visible. There are definite forms by which you identify them. By these you recognize them and distinguish them from all other persons. But these are only forms, though they be very precious forms. These may change, and will change. The youthful beauty will go from the mother's face, the grace will go out of her form, the bound will leave her step, the music will depart from her voice, but in a fuller sense she will remain your better and grander mother.

All this is true because what you know to be motherhood does not abide in forms. She will give you a welcome home. It will come from the soul, not the lips. She has had a hard time bearing your absence, and now she looks to your coming with a joy you can create in no other heart on earth. How strange and how glorious is this!

These months in college should have opened your eyes wider and given you to see many things you never knew before you came to college. It is a human weakness which makes it necessary for us to lose some things in order to learn their worth. And you had to come away from home to truly find your home. It has a deeper meaning for you since you left it. It is no sign of childishness that you have been homesick. Avoid the man who never gets homesick. He is a dangerous person. You thought it would be a great thing to get away from its restraints. The gate was too near the front steps, your father's notions about your rights were too narrow, your mother was too careful, you wished to go where you might breathe the air of manly freedom. You've had a breath of it, and I trust you've found it to be very thin air. Having charge of yourself without

a mother's help hasn't proven itself to be all you dreamed. Your mothers tell me you write them letters full of pathos, and I am not surprised. Having charge of yourself has waked new centers within you. Experience has had you in its iron hand and it has broken some of the hard spots in you.

During these months here you have changed. It is not perceptible to yourself; but others will see, and none so quick as the folks at home. And because you have changed they will seem to you to have changed. This is one of the perilous things about education. It makes such deep changes. New desires are created, finer feelings are produced, and larger things appear. Old conditions will not satisfy.

The college ought to make the real home a greater and a better home. One thing you will have to resist is the tendency to an unfortunate dissatisfaction with things: for one of the great results which education produces is the multiplication of new desires which it puts into men. You may go home and stay a week very easily, and be glad of it; but you who live away back in the country, away from the sound of factory whistles and street rattle and locomotives, will find it hard to bring yourselves to a satisfied

condition, as the days and weeks go by. Happy is that young man or that young woman who can go back to their homes, carrying impulses and thoughts as big as God's universe, and yet anchor themselves down in the narrow limitations of their surroundings, till their own great souls burst the environment and bring in the throb of life that belongs to them. You ought to go home, then, as educators, carrying the best of lessons, the happiest of influences, and seeking to be an angel of God, which is the messenger of God; and the blessings of God be on you and go with you.

IDLENESS.

THERE come conditions that demand plain words. Such words I feel should now be spoken to some students. A young man in college without a serious and ruling aim is in the wrong community, either for his comfort or profit. Idleness in college is an expensive vice, and economy would suggest a change of location. An idle student can neither do good nor get good. Wisdom suggests that such a man should be at home.

The chief interests of conduct are the mental tastes and habits which it reveals. That mind has reached a dangerous point when it deliberately consents to trifle with duty. What a degree of depravity is marked by an unblushing idler! Such a man has a genius for finding reasons why he should be a failure, and the worst is, he can believe the falsehoods of his own making. Woe to the man who can successfully lie to himself! These are the men who make social haters, and think there has been an unjust division in wealth, and they stand ready to join any movement to overturn law and order.

They hate everybody except themselves, the ones to be most hated.

There are many things which enter into a man's education and cannot be arranged for in fixed courses. These things must come from the best part of life and duty. To train one's mind to that high point where it cannot consent to do less than full work after the most faithful order, is to be esteemed among the richest virtues of mind. Let this warning do its best work in those who need it.

COMPANIONS.

YOU frequently hear a phrase like this: "Good-by; take care of yourself." That is a very terrible charge to commit to a man. I do not know of any charge of which a man is less competent than that of taking care of himself. This one point: I have talked with a number of young men, who have said to me: "I would do right, but I am surrounded with men who make it impossible. They come to my room, they take my time, they destroy my opportunities. I cannot study." "Then put them out of your room," said I. But the poor fellows showed the white feather and said, "I can't do that. I don't care to wound them." Such a poor fellow can't take care of himself. Do you ever think how providential it was that God gave you a father and mother to take care of you in your weakest days? Do you ever think what a terrible hour it is when they cease to do this and turn you over to yourself? Young man, if there is a companion dragging your life down, and you feel every time you have gone with him that you are deeper in the mire, that you are lower in thought, that

you are more paralyzed in your feelings, that you have less divine instincts, I pray you, in the name of God, if it costs life, stop there. "If any man will be my disciple, let him deny himself." It takes an immense amount of courage to shut one door and lock it, and say, "Thank God, I have shut a world of iniquity outside, and a world of purity inside. My mind untouched, unharmed, is pure; my purposes genuine, my faith undisturbed, I can go with myself." I do not think John Wesley showed himself a greater hero than when he deliberately revised his list of companions. When a man is converted he ought to convert everything, and the very first thing is his catalogue of companions. The first thing I did when I was converted was to take my list of companions and run the black mark through half of them. Now I beg you on this Monday morning, as you begin this new week's work, if there is a companion that is hindering you, rise up in Christian manhood, separate yourself from that companion. Touch not the unholy thing. Come out and be clean.

FAITH.

“AND this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

One of those strong, plain men said to me just the other day that the victory is a matter of a man's faith. He illustrated it. “Farmers who say there is nothing in a farm can find nothing in a farm. I believe there is everything in the farm,” said he. “Believing it, I am there by sunrise, I stay there until noon, I am back early after dinner, and stay with the fields till sunset; and in these past five years I have made my farm pay a debt of fifty-two thousand dollars.” The man who believes there is nothing in Latin, nothing in Greek, nothing in German, nothing in French, and nothing in mathematics, can find nothing in any of them. It is the man who goes up to the door, believing there is something behind the door, that brings to his task an energy, a persistency, and stays there until he finds something. I give you that piece of philosophy picked up at the fireside of an old gentleman whose history proves it all, and I beg you not to condemn a thing in any sphere of life until you have fully tested it. “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” A man may triumph before he hits a lick; he may fail even before he rises to start.

A MID-TERM WARNING.

THE session has now sufficiently advanced to know something of the character and aims of each student. Each man begins to show his course. A man who trifles with time and squanders opportunities can make no claims to serious consideration. I confess to a partiality in my dealings with men, greatly favoring an earnest man to an idle one. A man who seriously attends to duty appeals to my best feelings. Some men among you have calculated your work at too low a degree of fidelity. These men must revise their plans, or arrange for a sore condition of mind and conscience. I need not mention names. Each man knows his bearings. Much work of a high order is being done. It is painful to know that some men are doing a poor order of work.

A HOLIDAY.

TO-MORROW will be a holiday. A great many of you will doubtless attend the State Fair. I need not warn the old students against the temptations which come to young men in going into a crowd of that kind. It takes no small amount of high-toned manhood to make a trip like that, and do nothing which would make a young man blush. Do not let the spirit of abandonment get hold of you; but remember that wherever you are, as college students, the people have a right to expect a very high example of gentlemanly conduct from you. Get all the good out of it you can. See what the farmers are making, what they are trying to make, and what your State can put together in the shape of people and of fairs. Keep out of tents, young gentlemen! There is nothing in them worth ten cents, and there may be something in them that is ruinous to your better thoughts and feelings. Go as young men who are studious of your surroundings, make your contribution to this annual gathering in your State. Let it be a noble one! Come back to your college work in

time, as if nothing had happened. Some of you will not go to the fair. I advise as many as can to make it a day of rest and recreation. Dr. Carlisle used to exhort some students to take a long walk into the country. Some of you may not be able to take a holiday at all. You started a little behind, or you have lost ground and got behind since you began. To-morrow gives you an opportunity to catch up. It will take a good deal of strength to say, "I cannot throw this day away. I must go to my books and be in my room to see if I can overtake those who are ahead." Now I say it will require a good deal more strength and consecration to go to your work than to go to the fair, or to go walking in the country. Spend the day as you think you can afford to spend it, and then let us all begin work vigorously on Friday.

COMPANIONSHIP WITH A GREAT IDEA.

I WILL read you a paragraph from an address of Phillips Brooks. Whenever you lay your hands on any of his works, read them. He was not only a great man but a great spirit, which is greater than intellectual greatness. The paragraph is on courage:

First of all, there is the power of being mastered by and possessed with an idea. How rare it is! I do not say how few men are so mastered and possessed; I say how few men have the power so to be. The fine and simple capacity for it which belongs to youth being once lost, how few men ever attain the culture by which it is renewed. But without it there can be no courage. Without some end set clear before you, what chance is there that you can shoot your arrow strong and straight? It does not need that you should be blind to all the difficulties that lie between. Recklessness is no part of courage. When Cromwell and his men gave the sublime picture of heroic courage which illuminates English history, it was not that they undervalued the enormous strength of what they fought against; it was that they saw righteousness and freedom shining out beyond, and moved toward their fascinating presence irresistibly. Courage, like every other good thing, must be positive, not negative. If the college president courageously makes his college

fresh and strong, it is not that he does not see the strength of old inertia, but he sees the ideal and the possibility of the true college blazing beyond it all. So train your children to be capable of the dominion of ideas. As you build a house for its inmates, so build their minds for principles. Even before the idea comes, teach them that it is coming, and so make them expect their true master.

It would be very well for each man of you to hold an election this morning, and elect some great idea to reign in your heart and mind for the college term. I hope no man will entertain a low, sordid, paralyzing thought.

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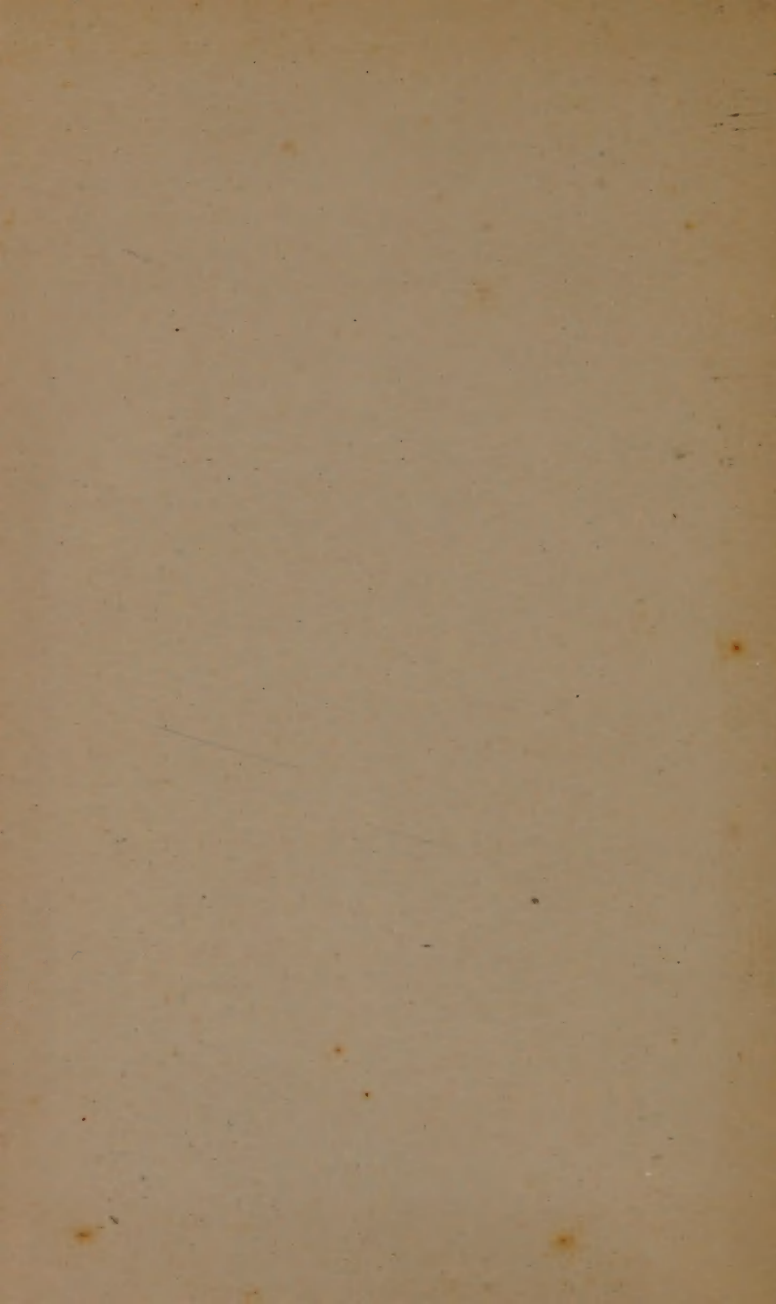
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GOOD-BY.

THIS is my good-by; God bless you, my sons, and keep you in the way of truth and right and bring you all along the journey by day and by night; and when the day is done and you go to your final rest, tired and weary, may His sweet breath be on your brow, and may you wake up amid the soft, sweet songs of the other shore.

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